

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1896.

NUMBER 25.

## No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

## Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists, etc. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Arion...	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester...	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie...	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds...	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City...	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton...	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson...	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee...	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge...	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torment...	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Je...	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F's C...	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol...	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa...	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson...	6 00 am	6 10 am

### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Arion...	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester...	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie...	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds...	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City...	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton...	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson...	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee...	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge...	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torment...	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Je...	5 14 pm	3 05 pm
Three F's C...	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol...	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa...	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson...	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,  
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.  
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.



## THIS WATCH

is guaranteed same as our

## \$100 WATCHES

to run well and keep good time.

## THE PRICE IS \$2.50

This watch is exact size as represented, of American manufacture, solid nickel silver case, stem wind, stem set, quick train, duplex escapement.

Send in your orders or call and see us when you come to Lexington.

**Fred. J. Heintz,**  
Manufacturing Jeweler,

Near Government Building, Lexington.

### The Mysterious Visitor.

I only know the man by sight,  
And yet he called on me last night.  
He shook my hand (I feel it yet),  
And said 'twas long since we had met;  
But in the coming future we  
The warmest friends would surely be.  
He praised my house, myself, my wife,  
And envied us our happy life.  
Our boy he patted on the head—  
He'd one day be a Judge, he said.  
He did not go away till late.  
To-day I heard a neighbor state  
My caller was a equidate!

### RIGHTLY

WAS THE ACT SO NAMED.

A Leading Journal Explains the Origin of "The Crime of 1873."

### PROOF OVERWHELMING.

The New York Freeman's Journal has at some length explained why the act demonetizing silver is rightly termed "The Crime of 1873." After quoting from the Congressional Record the remarks of prominent members of the congress which passed the law much the same as given in the Enquirer, the Journal continues: In view of this testimony advocates of silver, and every one else who has a shred of mortal sense left to him, are justified, nay, bound by the obligation of veracity to designate the law demonetizing silver as the "Crime of 1873," the as yet unpunished crime that has brought untold misfortune on the American people. The St. Louis convention has resolved to maintain that fraudulent law and perpetuate its evil results. The Chicago convention has resolved to blot it from the record and remove as far as possible the evils it has produced.

### THE CRIME OF 1873.

According to the statement of Judge Kelley, the silver bill, when it left the hands of the committee on coinage, did not demonetize the silver dollar. On the contrary, it made provisions for its continued coinage. After the bill was passed it was discovered that the provision for the silver dollar was omitted—had been surreptitiously obliterated from the document! Here we have the crime of '73. Who did this nefarious work? By whose request or suggestion was it that this doctored substitute for the original printed bill was not read in the house? Who shut off debate by a demand for the previous question?

To bring a crime home to its perpetrator the first question asked is: Who benefitted by it? The foreign and Wall street bondholders made millions by it. This fact in itself is not enough to convict, but it affords a clew. With

### THIS CLEW IN HAND

We introduce Mr. Ernest Seyd into the conspiracy. A writer, quoted by Samuel Leavitt in his book, "Our Money Wars," says: "The English capitalists raised \$500,000 and sent one Ernest Seyd to America to have silver demonetized. He came. In the bill was skillfully inserted a clause demonetizing silver. Before the bill was passed a member of the committee which had the bill in charge said, that Ernest Seyd, of London, a distinguished writer and bullionist, who is now here, has given great attention to the subject of mint coinage. After having examined the first draft of this bill he has made various sensible suggestions, which the committee adopted and embodied in the bill.—Congressional Record, April 7, 1872."

As Ernest Seyd is an interesting and important character in this conspiracy, we will follow him to London and see what he has to say about his missionary work in America. In 1892 Frederick A. Luckenbach, a former member of the New York Stock Exchange,

### MADE AN AFFIDAVIT,

In which the following statements occurred:

In 1865 I visited London, England, for the purpose of placing there Pennsylvania oil properties, in which I was interested, I took with me letters of introduction to many gentlemen in London, among them one to Mr. Ernest Seyd, from Robert M. Faust, ex-treasurer of Philadelphia. I became well acquainted with Mr. Seyd and with his brother, Richard Seyd, who, I understand, is yet living. I visited London

thereafter every year, and with each visit renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Seyd. In February, 1874, while on one of these visits, and while his guest at dinner, I, among other things, alluded to rumors afloat of parliamentary corruption and expressed astonishment that such corruption should exist. In reply to this he told me he could relate facts about the corruption of the American congress that would place it far ahead of English parliament in that line. After dinner he invited me into another room, where he resumed the conversation about legislative corruption. He said: "If you will pledge me your honor as a gentleman not to divulge what I am about to tell you while I live, I will convince you that what I said

### ABOUT THE CORRUPTION

Of the American congress is true." I gave him my promise, and he then continued: "I went to America in 1872-3, authorized to secure, if I could, the passage of a bill demonetizing silver. It was to the interest of those whom I represented—the governors of the Bank of England to have it done. I took with me \$500,000 with instruction if that was not sufficient to

### ACCOMPLISH THE OBJECT,

To draw for another \$500,000 or as much more as was necessary. I saw the committees of the house and senate and paid the money, and stayed in America until I knew the measure was safe. Your people will not now comprehend the far-reaching extent of that measure, but they will in after years. Whatever you may think of corruption in the English parliament, I assure you I would not have dared to make such an attempt here as I did in your country." Such is Ernest Seyd's confession; such the history of the "Crime of 1873," such the way in which the standard dollar was dropped from our coinage.

Strange and incredible as it may seem, the platform of the St. Louis convention maintains as a party principle that the law thus passed by the intrigue of English capitalists must not be abolished without the consent of those same conspirators against the welfare of the American people! Our national honor, we are told, requires that we must continue indefinitely to suffer the evil results of that criminal conspiracy. Every effort to free ourselves from the iniquitous burden is called repudiation. In view of these things it is not difficult to understand the intense earnestness and enthusiasm of the common people at the Chicago convention and the brusque manner in which they treated the professional politicians, the political hacks, the pliant tools of the organized and conspiring wealth that caused the evils of which the laboring people are the victims.

My friends, let me give you an opportunity to test the sincerity of the bolshewicks. They tell you that with free coinage of silver the American dollar will be worth as little as the Mexican dollar is worth. They tell you that if we have free coinage of silver, silver will not rise in value. Let me give you a suggestion by which you can test it. Whenever a man offers you a Mexican dollar for fifty cents, take it, and then take it to your savings bank or to any other bank, and ask them if they will take it on deposit now for 50 cents, and give you a written agreement to give you a Mexican dollar the next day after the inauguration of the next president.—Wm. J. Bryan.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

If we must part company with those who believe in a government of syndicates, by syndicates and for syndicates, may we not appeal with confidence to those who believe that a government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth? If these men who pride themselves upon their prominence in the business world and who glory in the title of business men are going to make a business out of politics, and are going to use their ballots to increase their incomes, I beg you to consider whether the great toiling masses of this nation have not a right to make a business out of politics once and protect their homes and families from disaster.—W. J. Bryan.

### STRONG SILVER MAN WAS PALMER

Some Years Ago When He Was Running the Illinois State Register.

Senator John M. Palmer was as strong a silver advocate in 1878 as secretary of the treasury Carlisle. In the State Register, a paper he owned that year, the following extracts appeared among others:

"There is not a man anywhere who opposes the coinage of silver who does not insist that congress has the right to issue legal tender paper at pleasure, or who does not rest assured that congress has the right to farm out the privilege of supplying the people with currency through banking corporations. Democrats, the fight for the silver dollar is more than 40 years old. We won it once against the national banks under the lead of Old Hickory, and by his bones we'll win it again."—Senator Palmer, in State Register, January 20, 1878.

### SOME MORE OF IT.

"Scratch an opponent of the coinage of silver and you will find a supporter of the national bank system, and you won't be obliged to scratch very hard."—Senator Palmer, in State Register, January 25, 1878.

"It is all very well to abuse the friends of the silver dollar as inflationists, thieves, repudiators, and all that sort of thing, but really the friends of the gold dollar ought to pay the same attention to the members of the convention who framed the United States constitution, and who made the silver dollar the unit and standard of value in this country."—Senator Palmer, in State Register, January 24, 1878.

### STRONG STATEMENT.

"If there is any dollar more honest than the silver dollar of 371 grains (of pure silver) it has not been discovered in the century or more that the nation has existed. If there can be any such thing as a dishonest dollar, that miserable sham trick and travesty of a coin, a gold dollar, exactly fills that destination."—Senator Palmer, in State Register, February 1878.

### McKinley's Prayer.

Our Father who art in England, we come to Thee today in humble attitude, realizing our own helplessness and Thine own great selfishness. To Thee we owe our all in all; we know when Thou sayest no that we must get. Oh, Rothschild, how can we in language express our deep regard for thee; in humble repentance we bow our knee to thy golden calf and ask for forgiveness in not being able to more speedily satisfy thy greediness, but thou knowest we are faithful; we are true, but the masses are against us and when we implore them for thy sake they say damn.

We are in thy service. Our body and soul are thine, and we are truly grieved that the sinners known as the masses can not see the error of their way and be saved. We beg thee to be merciful to them, and in time they will come to their milk. They know not that by their bull-headedness they are keeping thee from filling thy coffer with interest and bond and gold, but thanks to thee, Almighty Rothschild, we will soon have the laborer where the wool is short; we are progressing; our campaign is daily gathering strength. Help us, thou great and only, that we may retain our courage so that we can turn a dumb ear to the wailing and gnashing of teeth as we take the last crust from the masses, for it is all for thee—it will help thee to pile up the shekels, and that is our wish.

Lead us not into the temptation of believing that free silver is right lest we prove a traitor to thy cause, but deliver us from these solid arguments that they advance for they are hard to get around, for thine is the kingdom and we are thy slaves, now, always have been, and always hope to be.—Amen.—St. Louis Journal.

### Be Sure You Are Right

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate

### A GREAT ENTERPRISE

Engages the Christian Churches in the United States.

Far reaching in its results. A fund to help struggling mission churches. A monument more lasting than marble. The "tooth of time" does not affect it. The Disciples of Christ in the United States are engaged in a work of commendable enterprise and far reaching results.

A man who does not keep in touch with religious thought and progress, does not understand what powerful agencies and organizations are at work in the religious world for the propagation of the gospel.

It is not commonly known that a church extension fund, something on the plan of a building and loan association, is at work among the Disciples of Christ, or Christian churches, erecting church buildings week after week, and that the fund is now nearly \$125,000.

The fund is permanent, and handled by a regularly incorporated board at Kansas City, Mo. It is loaned out at 4 per cent. to struggling missions, to help them gain the coveted prize of a chapel, which they could not get except by borrowing money. The mission buys a lot and commences the building on the strength of a loan promised, and when the building is completed, the money from this fund, is paid over to the trustees, and the Mission is paid out of debt in that town. Of course, the loan is secured by first mortgage, with house insured, for this money is simply held in trust by the board at Kansas City for the brotherhood at large.

The church gives its notes and pays the money back to the board in equal annual installments, to be re-loaned to help complete chapels in other regions of the country. In this way the same money assists in building a meeting house every five years, and the economy of this plan commends it to the far-sighted business men and thinking people of the church, and this accounts for the rapid growth of the fund, as shown in the fact that it grew from \$5,000 to \$124,000 in 8 years.

Safe business management by the board at Kansas City has created confidence among the churches of Christ in the United States for, as shown by their last annual report, which was heard by 1,000 delegates at the national convention of the Christian churches at Dallas, Texas, last October, not one dollar has ever been lost on loans made by this board. This board is made up of members of the Christian church, elected annually at the national convention, and follows the recommendations of this delegated body.

During the month of September the Churches of Christ all over the United States join in an annual offering and send up their gifts to this fund, and in this way the fund is increased in working power each year. The Disciples of Christ expect to increase this loan to one quarter of a million dollars by the close of this century, so that there will be an annual return of loans to the treasury of \$50,000 for use in re-lending. This is truly "perpetual motion of money." One would think that, from a business point of view, every disciple in the land would want a part in this commendable enterprise.





# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

## HOUSE AMONG HOLLYHOCKS.

O house among the hollyhocks!  
The mosses drape your low, brown eaves,  
And sparrows sit among the leaves,  
As when, a maid in dainty frocks,  
I gathered wealth of daisy sheaves,  
And told time by the four-o'clocks!

The stately soldiery still stands  
On guard, like red-plumed grenadiers,  
But my heart cries: "The years! The years!"

This furrowed brow—these empty hands!  
The ranks swim in a mist of tears,  
And voices call from spirit lands!

Here, in the happy long ago,  
In summer noontides half-asleep,  
I was a shepherdess of sheep,  
The clouds above, my flocks of snow;  
The south wind bade the lambskins leap,  
I laughed to see them frolic so!

O sentries! Let me pass, I pray!  
Down your green lines unchallenged roam:  
The dear old paths—the dear old home—  
The dear old haunts of yesterday!  
O let me in! For I have come  
Such a long—such a weary way!

Dear house among the hollyhocks!  
Your threshold worn once more I press;  
I come to woo forgetfulness  
Of peril, shipwreck, sunken rocks!  
Let me again be shepherdess,  
The clouds above, my Alpine flocks!

—Emma H. Weed, in N. Y. Independent.

## A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

It was a real relief when papa's new doctor was gruff and terrifying to say "bear," all to myself. But, perhaps, I diverted my attention too much from what he was telling me by this device, or he scared me into temporary idiocy by his grim demeanor. At any rate, I was conscious that as a nurse I had cut a poor figure.

It seemed a special pity that poor papa should have had that illness just then, when mamma and Isabel were in Baltimore. Mamma had gone there to be under the care of Dr. Baker, and she could not come home, and Isabel could not leave her. If we had only had our good old doctor it would have been better, but he was in Europe, and papa had called in this Dr. Griffin, who, people seemed to think, was something wonderful. It was said that his practice was really phenomenal for so young a man (he was verging on 40, I am sure that is not so very young for any amount of practice), and I suppose he had to economize his forces, but it made him dreadfully disagreeable.

I was sitting by papa's bed when he came in that first day. Some people made such a hero of him that I felt a little curious to see him, anxious and troubled as I was, and I smiled at him as nicely as I could as papa said: "My daughter, doctor"—though he was little less than appalling; extraordinarily tall and gaunt and awkward, with a rugged, serious face and a shock of tawny hair like a lion's mane.

I was about to go, but as he did not glance in my direction he was probably not aware of my intention. He slightly inclined his head and said: "Miss Macon will please go out." Which Miss Macon did with all due celerity.

That was but the beginning of a series of shrinkages that I underwent during this illness of papa's. I am only five feet four to begin with, but every interview with the doctor made me feel a foot or two shorter.

When I looked out of the window one day, and actually saw mamma and Isabel getting out of a carriage at the door, it was as if a ton weight had been lifted from me. The doctor was then, with papa (who, however, was almost well), and I was in my own room keeping out of his way. I dashed downstairs like a mad thing, and hung my foot somehow, or caught my dress on a loose screw (I have never known which), and fell almost from the top to the bottom. The doctor rushed out of papa's room and was at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as I was. Mamma and Isabel appeared frantically from the opposite direction, papa calling from upstairs all the time to know what it all meant. I was so ashamed of having caused the commotion that I tried to get up hastily and close the incident.

"Oh, it is nothing. I just slipped," I began, struggling to my feet—and then a great, palpitating darkness settled over all. I revived to find myself, as it were, "in the clutches of a griffin." (I had long applied his name to him in a distinctly opprobrious sense.)

"What do you mean by tearing about the house in that fashion?" he demanded, stopping at the door as he was leaving.

But somehow I was not so afraid of him now, and for reply I only laughed feebly and innately from my station on the sofa. It was well that my terror of him had lessened, for that miserable sprained ankle required his attention more or less throughout that winter.

A strange thing happened soon after mamma and Isabel came home. Isabel is very pretty and very bright. We were sitting together after tea when the bell rang, and who should be ushered in but Dr. Griffin. And with his hair cut—which was not at all an improvement—though I had thought that any change would be. It was so wonderful to see him sitting there laughing and talking, "like folks," as Mammy Judy

used to say, that I could not do anything but stare at him. And when Fred Carey came in I was positively provoked. But, then, I never saw Fred quite so stupid and uninteresting.

Not very long after that another very remarkable thing happened. The first wonderful thing, by the way, began to happen pretty frequently after awhile. I think I have a little knack of rhyming, and one day a magazine—a real magazine took one of my pieces. Such a thing had never happened before and has never happened since. It was a sentimental little effusion, which was not about anything nor anybody in particular, but it seemed to me to be pretty, and it sounded as if it meant a good deal.

I was standing on the porch when I opened the letter which the postman had just handed me. I remember it was a beautiful spring morning, when my cup of happiness was running over anyway, and this last drop was almost too much. I was about to fly into the house as fast as my disabled ankle would allow, when I heard the click of the gate. I waved my letter to Dr. Griffin as he came up the walk, and he smiled at my absurdly radiant face. It was almost worth while to be so grim-looking, to be so transformed by a smile, I thought to myself. I did not wait for greetings or questions.

"I have got a piece accepted by the magazine!" I said, eagerly.

"Ah, that's good!" he replied. "And what are you scribbling about?"

"Oh, it's just lovely!" I said. "Don't you want me to say it to you?"

"Go ahead, and don't jumble it," he replied, dropping down upon one of the seats on the porch.

I clasped my hands behind me and rattled off my piece, flushing a little as I did it from suppressed laughter at my own audacity. And then I looked at him for applause. There was a blank silence, and my eyes sank, and my cheeks grew hot with mortification.

"Humph!" he said at last, getting up from his seat. "Well, how is that ankle of yours?"

It seemed my fate always to be seen by Dr. Griffin at a disadvantage—from the time when he just saved me from murdering papa with the wrong medicine, on through various misadventures almost to the present day, and I have hated him afresh every time, as if it were all his fault. Some people always see one at her best—he appeared on the scene invariably when one was least desirous of spectators.

I started out with rather a sinking heart not long after the adventure of the poem—which incident, by the way, had rankled not a little in my mind—to hunt up a Sunday school pupil who had dropped off, after an attendance of a Sunday or two upon my class. He was said to live on a small street which I had never heard of, in a remote and not especially genteel part of the city which I had never explored, and I foresaw that I should get lost. I stopped on my way at the house of another pupil of mine, whom I knew to be ill, and whom I had been visiting for some time.

His mother received me in a cold, stuffy little parlor, and entertained me while Johnnie was being made ready for company. I listened sympathetically to a long narrative of the heartless treatment she had received from her physician, who really did seem to have neglected his poor little patient, and to have been rude and overbearing beside. I had passed him once as I went in, and had noticed how red and bloated his face was, and had thought then that he drank. He was a physician, I suppose, of no standing. I had never before heard his name.

"And then," she concluded, "I just phoned for Dr. Griffin. My husband said: 'Don't you be bothering Dr. Griffin; he's got more'n he can do tending to the rich people.' But he's got time to tend to poor people, too, as well I knew. And I phoned, and he came. Ah, he's an angel in a sickroom!"

The comparison struck me as so ludicrous that a smile rose to my face before I could check it.

"If I was Queen Victoria and Johnnie was the queen's son he couldn't be no kinder. Now, you can just walk right in and see how poor Johnnie's gettin'!"

After leaving there I walked on, and on, and on, as the story books say, and it really did seem that I had embarked upon one of the vague, nightmarish quests of the Norse tales. The end of my journey seemed always just at hand, and still it lengthened, lengthened, till I could fancy that I was a lover's princess looking for the castle of the clouds. If Bonaparte Plunkett had lived east o' the sun and west o' the moon, or at any other of the addresses given in those veracious histories, he could not, it seemed to me, have been more tantalizingly inaccessible. He took on, at last, a half-mythical character in my mind, as I could find no trace of him.

Hens and chickens ran squawking across my path; geese hissed at me, to my unspeakable discomposure; puddles of ill-smelling water appeared on the mean sidewalks; dirty women and children swarmed about the doors, and still Bonaparte Plunkett's place of residence ever receded from me. I began to have a distinctly disreputable feeling, as if I were becoming assimilated to my squalid environments, and a faint fear arose within me, as I realized that I had not the slightest idea in the world of where I was. Yes, I was lost.

I stood still and looked blankly around me, beginning, as the last straw, to feel that my ankle was giving out.

I was just making up my mind to ask the way to the nearest car line of the next person whom I should meet, when I saw a buggy coming down the street. A sudden hope took possession of me. He always came when I was in some undignified and ridiculous plight. And—yes!

"Oh, Doctor Griffin!" I called out. He pulled up at that quavering cry and looked at me for a moment in the blindest amazement.

"And what are you doing in Rocketts, miss?" he demanded, as he helped me in.

A wild wave of exhilaration had come over me when I felt myself safe in the vehicle.

"I was only paying some calls," I said, in an off-hand way. "Aren't the claims of society burdensome? I am really tired."

"Calls!" he repeated. "And where were you calling in Rocketts?"

"I was going to the Plunketts," I said. "But never mind—it isn't their day anyway."

I began to repent my nonsense when he took a little red notebook out of his pocket and, utterly ignoring my presence, began to look over it with knitted brows. We drove on in perfect silence for several blocks, and he manifested no intention of resuming the conversation at all, while I, on my part, was occupied in regretting that I had totally forgotten that I was "on my dignity," as my old nurse would say.

"Well, Miss Frances," he said, suddenly, without looking up, "have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you, for what?" I questioningly replied, but a reminiscent wave of mortification swept over me.

He gave a short laugh, still turning the leaves of his book, but did not answer.

As he sat looking down, with his brow furrowed and his rugged face showing very hard lines at its hardest in the clear daylight, I stole timid glances at him and wondered how I had the temerity to recite those miserable, sentimental verses of mine to him, of all men! I blushed hotly as I thought of my folly.

The horse had slackened his pace, but the doctor did not seem to notice it.

"Have you been writing any more poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility.

"No," I said, stiffly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I said. "I didn't like that—what's its name—sonnet of yours?" he remarked, flapping the horse with the reins.

"Ah," I said, as if I had not already been crushed by the snubbing which it had received.

"Do you want to know why I did not like it?" he went on. He put his book down and looked at me with a queer smile.

"Yes," I said, but still with the haughtiness born of inward humiliation.

He took off his hat and looked carefully into the crown, frowning as if he had that moment remembered leaving there something of the highest value which seemed to be missing. And then he put it on again. He cleared his throat and jerked at the reins.

"I didn't like to think of your whimpering about some whippersnapper," he said, "when I want you myself."

When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places, and the waterfall had ceased rushing and roaring in my ears, I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face must have struck him at last, for he stopped abruptly.

"Wait, don't say anything yet," he said.

We were drawing near to my own home, but the horse went very slowly.

"If you could tell me," he began—there was something positively uncanny and awful to me in the humility of his tone—"but don't say anything unless it is 'yes.' Take time—any length of time."

Time! It seemed to me that it had been a thousand years already. It was such an old, old fact that Dr. Griffin had asked me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things were before it happened, but no, there was nothing before that.

Neither spoke as he helped me out of the buggy and solemnly walked with me up the long green yard. He paused at the porch.

"If," he said, "you could possibly say 'yes'—don't make me wait."

I ran up the steps without replying, and opened the door, stopping with my hand upon the knob and looking back at him standing upon the walk below.

"Yes!" I said, and banging the door I flew upstairs to my own room.

Then I peeped at him through the shutters, and saw that he had bowed his head on his hat for a moment, as if it were in church.

What a ridiculous couple we will be! —Ladies' Home Journal.

### On His Guard.

They have lady lawyers in America, but the departure is still new. One day a large, burly Irishman was giving evidence. The idea of being questioned by a woman lawyer was to him a huge joke, until she began to question him on personal matters, when, assuming a suspicious air, he remarked: "I don't know yer intentions, mum, but I'm a married man." —Tit-Bits.

## CANDOR OF MR. BRYAN.

The Democratic Candidate Is Above Deception and Dishonesty.

The republican organs parade as damaging to the democratic candidate the telegraphic correspondence of Mr. Bryan and Senator Jones concerning the populist nomination and the reports of his stubborn determination to let the populists know where he stands.

The effect of Mr. Bryan's attitude and utterances is undoubtedly the opposite of that hoped for by these organs. The publication of the Bryan-Jones correspondence did Mr. Bryan more good than harm, and all that he may say in line with his determination to meet the populists with perfect candor is beneficial to him.

The American people admire frankness and honesty. They abhor trickery and deceit in politics. The public man who speaks his mind and disdains to profit by deception or hypocrisy earns their respect, as the public man who shows himself willing to profit by trickery receives their contempt.

It may not have been good politics in the narrow sense of apparent temporary advantage for Mr. Bryan to tell the populists that he did not want and could not accept their nomination on the terms with which it was offered, but it was good politics in the broadest and best sense. It was the kind of politics that gains honor and confidence for a man and that wins in the long run.

Mr. Bryan's desire to deal frankly with the populists and to give them an opportunity to act with a clear conception of his own position was altogether creditable. It showed him to be willing

## "THE PAUPER CANDIDATE."

Despicable Methods of Republicans and Disgruntled Democrats.

The enemies of democracy have already begun a campaign of abuse. No language is too vile, no epithet too coarse for them in speaking of the man nominated by the Chicago convention. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York Herald, many times a millionaire, and a resident of Europe because the country that made him rich is not good enough for him, has generally had the grace to support the democratic ticket. But following the lead of the disgruntled Dana, his paper has bolted the nominations and left the democratic ranks. To make the defection more disgusting, it copied that perfect specimen of shifting sophistry, the Sun editorial declaring for McKinley, and added "me too," virtually acknowledging its inability to frame a declaration of its own, exhibiting bad judgment and lack of originality as well. But the climax was reached when the Herald printed the following sentence:

"Bryan is a pauper of the west; he has not a dollar and is proud of his poverty."

This vile and foolish attack gives to the democracy a campaign phrase of irresistible force. Mr. Bryan may not be rich, but he has never begged his bread and has always worked honorably for it. In this he is a typical American citizen. In this he is a representative of the true American ideal. In this, too, he differs from McKinley and his followers. He has not allowed other men to pay his debts. He has not sold himself, body and soul, to a syndicate of millionaires. He is not rich, it is true

## MR. HANNA CALLS ON MR. WANAMAKER.



to lose the populist nomination by honest dealing rather than win it by consenting to a misconception or to a course that might savor of deception or dishonesty. The feeling of party resentment which might be felt against a man who is willing to sacrifice a political opportunity to conscience must yield to a feeling of respect for his courage and probity.

The populists know now that if their representatives voted for Mr. Bryan's nomination under a misunderstanding of the situation the democratic candidate was not a party to the misunderstanding. They know that if the populist convention acted without a clear knowledge of the consequences the convention was kept from securing that knowledge by its own officers and not by the man who was most concerned and most anxious that the convention should act with a full knowledge of all the circumstances bearing upon its action.

The revelation of Mr. Bryan's attitude and wishes cannot fail to win him the respect not only of the populists, who are chiefly concerned in this matter, but of all men who love honesty and courage. —St. Louis Republic.

Said William McKinley, speaking in the house of representatives on June 24, 1896: "I am for the largest use of silver in the currency of the country. I would not dishonor it; I would give it equal credit and honor with gold. I would make no discrimination. I would utilize both metals as money and disceedit neither. I want the double standard." The official report of these words may be found on page 6,447 of volume 21 of the Congressional Record. Six years after uttering those words William McKinley turned his coat in order to get the republican nomination for the presidency. How much confidence can the people place in a man who will eat his own words in order to get a nomination? —Helena (Mont.) Independent.

The democratic campaign will be one of education. That of the republicans will be one of vilification. —St. Louis Republic.

## POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The Hanna "object lesson" reached its zenith at Homestead in 1892, and there was a decided echo at the polls that year. —N. Y. Journal.

—The campaign biography of McKinley traces his ancestry back to "Constantine Maeduff, earl of Effe, who killed Macbeth, thus by heroic conduct creating the basis for Shakespeare's immortal tragedy." This ought to catch the jingo vote. —Utica Observer.

—The republicans have not formally renounced their hope of carrying at least one southern state, but since the democratic victories in Alabama and Tennessee the talk of breaking the solid south has ceased, and mighty little is being said about the solid west. —Kansas City Times.

—If the gold men thought they could elect McKinley thereby they could undoubtedly raise a campaign fund of \$100,000,000 in Europe alone, but the gold men keep pretty well informed and they know that the single gold standard has reached the end of its string in the United States. —Wheeling Register.

—Mr. Hanna appears to be meeting with some success in trying out his New York. But some day those who are thus blackmailed may find that it is a good deal cheaper to pay a reasonable income tax in support of the government than it is to make unreasonable contributions to support political bossism. —N. Y. World.



## THE FARMING WORLD.

### THE GARDENER'S SONG.

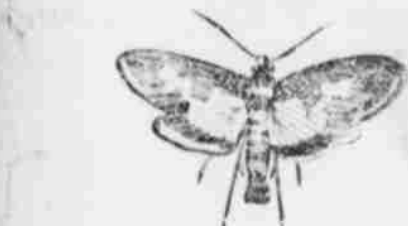
Oh! a gardener's life is as pleasant a life  
As a workingman's can be:  
Tis a glad pursuit to plant the root,  
And nurse the flower and tree,  
His life is set to ceaseless song,  
Sweeter than poet can sing,  
Warbled in notes from the feather'd throats  
Of the birds, from summer to spring,  
And doth he not make the wild-st brake  
Glad as a conqueror's fleet?  
For his strong right hand is the magic wand  
That brings fresh flowers to our feet.

With a sneer or a frown a man may look down  
Upon many ignoble trades;  
But purple and pride even dare not deride  
The work of the king of spades.  
The oldest craft known he claims as his own,  
The only work Heaven thought well  
Should be done by a man ere a trouble began,  
Or the "grand old gardener" fell.  
Then the men of the spade should be proud  
Of their trade,  
Invading no crowded mart,  
Whose daily toll gives wealth to the soil,  
And joy to the home and heart.  
—Gardener's Magazine.

### THE CUCUMBER WORM.

A Parasite, That Does Much Damage and Is Hard to Fight.

Larvae of the neat cucumber worm may be found by the wholesale in some gardens, ruining pickles or cucumbers. The larva is easily recognizable; it is about one inch long and of a yellowish white color with a greenish tinge. On each segment are a few slightly elevated shining dots, from each of which a fine hair issues. The head of the larva is yellow with a brown margin. The illustration herewith represents the cucumber as affected; the larvae generally begin to appear about the middle of July and continue their depredations until late in September, feeding on the flesh of the cucumber, rendering it unfit for use, and causing premature decay. Often several specimens are found on a single cucumber. When mature the



NEAT CUCUMBER WORM AND MOTH.

larva leaves the fruit, draws together a few fragments of leaves, spins a cocoon and in about eight or ten days the slender brown chrysalis changes to a yellowish brown colored moth. There is more than a single brood and the chrysalis of the last passes the winter emerging as a moth the next year.

The moth, as shown in the illustration, has an irregular patch of yellow on the fore wings, which also constitutes the color of the greater portion of the inner parts of the hind ones; the thighs, breast and abdomen are silvery white, giving the whole of the under side of the body a pearly appearance. The lower parts of the legs are yellow. The body of the female differs somewhat from that of the male; it terminates in a small flattened black brush, squarely trimmed; the preceding segment, however, is of a rusty brown color above. The brush-like appendage of the male is much larger, formed of long narrow scales, which vary in color in the same specimen; some are white, others are brown or orange, but generally all three colors are present in one specimen. About the only method of dealing with this pest is to destroy the larvae of the first brood by hand picking while the vines are not yet too large, or cook and feed the affected fruit to swine. Being difficult to control, it is necessary that every precaution be taken and every insect destroyed.—Farm and Home.

### GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

In growing fruit and vegetables if large size is desired do not overcrowd, but give each plant and specimen plenty of room.

Most varieties of pears are finer in flavor if they are picked and ripened in the house rather than left on the tree until fully ripe.

Sudden and severe pruning, such as taking off a large quantity of wood in a single season, is apt to ruin the fruit crop of the next season.

One rule in pruning should be to thin out every year all the old exhausted wood, all weak, young shoots and all that cannot reach full light.

The best and most profitable pruning of raspberries and blackberries can be done now by pinching the young canes back to not over three feet high. Unnecessary growth of wood is made at the expense of fruit.

The sprouts growing around the bark of fruit trees, even allowing that they do no great harm, are at the least unsightly and should be removed without delay. Now is a good time for doing work of this kind.

In the orchard and for all kinds of fruit phosphatic and potash manures give the best results.—St. Louis Republic.

### BUTTER-MAKING RULES.

Recently issued by the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Simple rules for butter-making have been issued in a revised form by the Royal Agricultural Society, of England and are printed as follows in our English contemporaries. They are put in the following manner:

Prepare churn, butter-worker, wooden hands and sieve as follows: (1) Rinse with cool water; (2) scald with boiling water; (3) rub thoroughly with salt; (4) rinse with cold water.

Always use a correct thermometer. The cream when in the churn to be at temperature of 55 to 58 degrees in summer, and 60 to 62 degrees in winter. The churn should never be more than half full. Churn at number of revolution suggested by maker of churn. If non are given, churn at 40 to 45 revolution per minute. Always churn slowly at first.

Ventilate the churn freely and frequently during churning, until no air rushes out when the vent is opened.

Stop churning immediately the butter comes. This can be ascertained by the sound; if in doubt, look.

The butter should now be like grain of mustard seed. Pour in a small quantity of cold water (one pint water to two quarts cream) to harden the grains, and give a few more turns to the churn, gently. Draw off the buttermilk, giving plenty of time for draining. Let a straining-cloth placed over a hair sieve, so as to prevent any loss, and was the butter in the churn with plenty of cold water; then draw off the water, and repeat the process until the water comes off quite clear.

To brine butter, make a strong brine, two or three pounds of salt to one gallon of water. Place straining-cloth over mouth of churn, pour in brine, put lid on churn, turn sharply half a dozen times, and leave from ten to fifteen minutes. Then lift the butter out of churn into sieve, turn butter out on worker, leave it a few minutes to drain, and work gently till all superfluous moisture is pressed out.

To dry-salt butter, place butter on worker, let it drain ten to fifteen minutes, then work gently till all the butter comes together. Place it on the scales and weigh; then weigh salt; for slight salting, one-fourth ounce; medium, one-half ounce; heavy salting, three-quarters ounce to the pound of butter. Roll butter out on worker and carefully sprinkle salt over the surface, a little at a time; roll up and repeat till all the salt is used.

N. B.—Never touch the butter with your hands.

### PERISHABLE PRODUCE.

In Australia Butter Is Now Packed in Plaster of Paris.

There seems to be no limit to the ingenuity bestowed upon the devising of means for accomplishing the transport of the perishable produce of distant climes to the English market. A new method, described in the Australasian, is that of packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary glass, all the edges being covered over with gummed paper. The glass box is enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris, a quarter of an inch thick, and this is covered with specially prepared paper. The plaster being a bad conductor of heat, the temperature inside the hermetically sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. The cost of packing is about one penny per pound. Butter packed in the way described at Melbourne has been sent across the sea to South Africa, and when the case was opened at Kimberley, 700 miles from Cape Town, the butter was found to be as sound as when it left the factory in Victoria. Cases are now made to hold as much as two hundredweight of butter, and 40 hands, mostly boys and girls, are occupied in making the glass receptacles and covering them with plaster. The top, or lid, however, is put on by a simple mechanical arrangement, and is removed by the purchaser equally easily. A saving of 25 per cent. on freight and packing is claimed in comparison with the cost of frozen butter carried in the usual way.—Scientific American.

### WATER FOR CATTLE.

How Excellent Use Can Be Made of a Water-Tight Barrel.

Pasture springs become foul mud-holes if left for cattle to drink from and tramp through. Moreover, the water



HOW TO WATER CATTLE.

gets very warm in summer. Cut a barrel in two parts. Put one over the spring as shown, and lead the water by a pipe into the other, placed on lower ground. The water being constantly moving will keep fresh and cool, and cattle can thus drink without soiling the water.—N. Y. Tribune.

The larger the summer and fall growth of strawberry plants the larger the crop of fruit next season. To secure this through cultivation now and liberal manuring later will be found necessary.

Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What! do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?"

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in, the advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those in the profession who have been guilty of a great many meanesses. That profession will be honorable so long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The courtroom has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt. Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall came upon the board wall, "There's too much sixteen to one in this business to suit me," she lazily drawled, and yawned again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### LIFE IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

Planters Live in Luxury and Reign Over Many Vassals.

The stranger in southern Mexico is astonished at the magnificence in which the wealthy planters live. Each is like a king in his own extensive domain, absolute monarch of all he surveys and lord of the lives and destinies of his retainers, or peons, as the laborers of rural Mexico are called. There is no other house within 20 miles of Goatzacoales except the straw-thatched huts of the laborers, all of which, with the storehouses, chapel and other buildings necessary to the wants of the isolated community, are inclosed within stone walls, high and strong enough to withstand a siege. From sala to kitchen the proprietor's residence is a model of elegance and comfort, suited to the climate and typical of the rural homes of wealthy Mexicans. The family altar room, which none of these good Catholics could dispense with, is not the least attractive part of the house. Rare pictures adorn its walls, and in a large glass case is a figure of the infant Jesus—a rather large wax doll, with eyes that open and shut and a mop of yellow curls upon the head—which the sonora and her daughters make a religious duty of dressing beautifully in lace caps and silken robes, adorned with jewels. On either side of the sleeping babe stand figures of Mary and Joseph, with hands clasped as if in adoration, and twice a day every member of the family says his prayers and paternosters before it. At the far end of the house is the bath, reached by a covered stairway. Descending 20 feet or more, you come to a pool of clear, cool water, about seven feet deep, fed by a spring. Inside the great casa are two bathrooms with tiled floors, porcelain tubs and all "modern conveniences," but everybody who can swim naturally prefers the outside bath. The hacienda garden is a wonder in its way. In it are rows of coconut, mangoes and red pear trees, clumps of oranges and limes, thickets of figs and pomegranates, while the flower beds, raised a foot from the ground and bordered with beautiful shells bedded in mortar, are filled with roses, narcissus, tuberoses and other flowers common enough at home, but here almost unrecognizable as the familiar favorites, because grown to such greater perfection.

But even this paradise has its drawbacks. For one thing, there is little good drinking water in Campeche, and no such thing as ice to be had for "love or money." While each family has a well, the water coming from a depth enough to keep it moderately cool, the salt in it renders it unfit to drink. Therefore, rainwater is kept in tanks and cooled by evaporation in porous jars. But few people in the tropics drink any water "straight," so to speak. Chocolate is invariably served at breakfast and coffee with dinner, and always claret or other wines with the food. And then there are a hundred delicious and cooling beverages concocted from oranges, limes, pineapples and seeds. The national bread—"tortillas" (not the tortillas of Mexico)—is made from cornmeal, which, by the way, is now selling in Campeche at the rate of \$24 a barrel, so that bread is beyond the reach of the poorer classes. Bananas, however, are the "staff of life" hereabouts, eked out to be tortillas of crushed corn, a la Mexicana. Butter, brought from New York and Denmark, costs from 60 cents to \$1 a pound; cheese, 50 cents; fresh beef, 37 cents, but happily, fish, the finest in the world, and luscious fruits of many varieties are plentiful and cheap.—Philadelphia Record.

### His Fortune.

"My dear Jimson, what is the cause of your joyful expression of countenance? Have you received a fortune?"  
"I have, my dear fellow, I have."  
"Congratulations. And the figure?"  
"It's a boy!"—Detroit Free Press.

### Chicago to St. Paul and Return.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will, on August 31 and September 1, 1900, sell excursion tickets from Chicago to St. Paul and return at rate of \$8.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until September 15, with privilege of further extension to September 30, 1900. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE TALL MAN (angrily)—"I'll get even with you, sir." The Short Man (casual)—"You will have to get down on your knees to do it."

### A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

"Come into the garden, Maud," but Maud was much too wise. Said she: "O, no; the corn has ears and the potatoes eyes."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1900, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address  
W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION—"I suppose you have music at the hotel?" "No; but we have a band."—Harper's Bazar.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Did Mabel promise to marry her photographer lover?" "No. She developed a negative."—Detroit Free Press.



### Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



"Everybody Likes It."

# Battle Ax PLUG

Everybody likes "Battle Ax" because of its exceedingly fine quality.

Because of the economy there is in buying it.

Because of its low price. It's the kind the rich men chew because of its high grade, and the kind the poor men can afford to chew because of its great size.

A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is almost twice the size of the 10-cent piece of other high grade brands.

### DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY

ORIGINAL

DESIGNS

PUBLISHED

In This Country

—IN—

L'Art de La Mode,

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 50 Cents for the last Number.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,

3 East 15th Street,  
2nd, 5th Ave. and Broadway. NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

### GOLD OR SILVER? WHICH?

If you have land—in the right place—you'll always have plenty of both metals. To get the most from your little bit of land, get a FREE ATEN IDAHO FRUIT FARM, 5 to 40 acres on easy terms. Permanent water right, U. P. R. R. Depot, School, etc. Home built for home rule settlers. For literature or information, address Supt. of Land, IDAHO FRUIT CO., 50 Broadway, N. Y.

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to skill.

STEADY WORK  
STARK TREES  
LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILL.

### EDUCATIONAL.

LORETTO ACADEMY  
LORETTO, MARION CO., KENTUCKY.

Ask knowledge an superior in facilities for imparting Knowledge, Culture and Refinement. TERMS MODERATE. For Catalogues apply to DIRECTRESS OF STUDIES.

THE FRANCES SCHMIDT ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MT. CARROLL, ILL.

A College Preparatory School affiliated with the University of Chicago. Strong departments in Music and Art. Introductory courses in common English branches. Full Term opens Sept. 15, 1900, in which has been for more than 40 years St. Carroll Seminary. St. R. Scherer, Dean.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, NEW ATHENS, Ohio.  
Furnished rooms and books, \$2.00 to \$5 a week. Tuition \$4.00 a year; 8 courses; no charges. Thorough, safe, Catalog free, with plan to earn money. W. A. WILLIAMS, B. S., Pres.

A. N. K.—E. 1018

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw this advertisement in this paper.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

## HOUSE AMONG HOLLYHOOKS.

O house among the hollyhocks!  
The mosses drape your low, brown eaves,  
And sparrows flit among the leaves,  
As when, a maid in dainty frocks,  
I gathered wealth of daisy sheaves,  
And told time by the four-o'clocks!

The stately soldiery still stands  
On guard, like red-plumed grenadiers,  
But my heart cries: "The years! The years!"

This furrowed brow—these empty hands!  
The ranks swim in a mist of tears,  
And voices call from spirit lands!

Here, in the happy long ago,  
In summer noontides half-asleep,  
I was a shepherdess of sheep,  
The clouds above, my flocks of snow;  
The south wind bade the lamkins leap,  
I laughed to see them frolic so!

O sentries! Let me pass, I pray!  
Down your green lines unchallenged roam;  
The dear old paths—the dear old home—  
The dear old haunts of yesterday!

O let me in! For I have come  
Such a long—such a weary way!

Dear house among the hollyhocks!  
Your threshold worn once more I press;  
I come to woo forgetfulness  
Of peril, shipwreck, sunken rocks!  
Let me again be shepherdess,  
The clouds above, my Alpine flocks!  
—Emma H. Weed, in N. Y. Independent.

## A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

It was a real relief when papa's new doctor was gruff and terrifying to say "bear," all to myself. But, perhaps, I diverted my attention too much from what he was telling me by this device, or he scared me into temporary idiocy by his grim demeanor. At any rate, I was conscious that as a nurse I had cut a poor figure.

It seemed a special pity that poor papa should have had that illness just then, when mamma and Isabel were in Baltimore. Mamma had gone there to be under the care of Dr. Baker, and she could not come home, and Isabel could not leave her. If we had only had our good old doctor it would have been better, but he was in Europe, and papa had called in this Dr. Griffin, who, people seemed to think, was something wonderful. It was said that his practice was really phenomenal for so young a man (he was verging on 40; I am sure that is not so very young for any amount of practice), and I suppose he had to economize his forces, but it made him dreadfully disagreeable.

I was sitting by papa's bed when he came in that first day. Some people made such a hero of him that I felt a little curious to see him, anxious and troubled as I was, and I smiled at him as nicely as I could as papa said: "My daughter, doctor"—though he was little less than appalling; extraordinarily tall and gaunt and awkward, with a rugged, serious face and a shock of tawny hair like a lion's mane.

I was about to go, but as he did not glance in my direction he was probably not aware of my intention. He slightly inclined his head and said: "Miss Maccon will please go out." Which Miss Maccon did with all due celerity.

That was but the beginning of a series of shrinkages that I underwent during this illness of papa's. I am only five feet four to begin with, but every interview with the doctor made me feel a foot or two shorter.

When I looked out of the window one day, and actually saw mamma and Isabel getting out of a carriage at the door, it was as if a ton weight had been lifted from me. The doctor was then, with papa (who, however, was almost well), and I was in my own room keeping out of his way. I dashed downstairs like a mad thing, and hung my foot somehow, or caught my dress on a loose screw (I have never known which), and fell almost from the top to the bottom. The doctor rushed out of papa's room and was at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as I was. Mamma and Isabel appeared frantically from the opposite direction, papa calling from upstairs all the time to know what it all meant. I was so ashamed of having caused the commotion that I tried to get up hastily and close the incident.

"Oh, it is nothing. I just slipped," I began, struggling to my feet—and then a great, pulsating darkness settled over all. I revived to find myself, as it were, "in the clutches of a griffin." (I had long applied his name to him in a distinctly opprobrious sense.)

"What do you mean by tearing about the house in that fashion?" he demanded, stopping at the door as he was leaving.

But somehow I was not so afraid of him now, and for reply I only laughed feebly and innately from my station on the sofa. It was well that my terror of him had lessened, for that miserable sprained ankle required his attention more or less throughout that winter.

A strange thing happened soon after mamma and Isabel came home. Isabel is very pretty and very bright. We were sitting together after tea when the bell rang, and who should be ushered in but Dr. Griffin. And with his hair cut—which was not at all an improvement—though I had thought that any change would be. It was so wonderful to see him sitting there laughing and talking, "like folks," as Mammy Judy

used to say, that I could not do anything but stare at him. And when Fred Carey came in I was positively provoked. But, then, I never saw Fred quite so stupid and uninteresting.

Not very long after that another very remarkable thing happened. The first wonderful thing, by the way, began to happen pretty frequently after awhile. I think I have a little knack of rhyming, and one day a magazine—a real magazine took one of my pieces. Such a thing had never happened before and has never happened since. It was a sentimental little effusion, which was not about anything nor anybody in particular, but it seemed to me to be pretty, and it sounded as if it meant a good deal.

I was standing on the porch when I opened the letter which the postman had just handed me. I remember it was a beautiful spring morning, when my cup of happiness was running over anyway, and this last drop was almost too much. I was about to fly into the house as fast as my disabled ankle would allow, when I heard the click of the gate. I waved my letter to Dr. Griffin as he came up the walk, and he smiled at my absurdly radiant face. It was almost worth while to be so grim-looking, to be so transformed by a smile, I thought to myself. I did not wait for greetings or questions.

"I have got a piece accepted by the magazine!" I said, eagerly.

"Ah, that's good!" he replied. "And what are you scribbling about?"

"Oh, it's just lovely!" I said. "Don't you want me to say it to you?"

"Go ahead, and don't jumble it," he replied, dropping down upon one of the seats on the porch.

I clasped my hands behind me and rattled off my piece, flushing a little as I did it from suppressed laughter at my own audacity. And then I looked at him for applause. There was a blank silence, and my eyes sank, and my cheeks grew hot with mortification.

"Humph!" he said at last, getting up from his seat. "Well, how is that ankle of yours?"

It seemed my fate always to be seen by Dr. Griffin at a disadvantage—from the time when he just saved me from murdering papa with the wrong medicine, on through various misadventures almost to the present day, and I have hated him afresh every time, as if it were all his fault. Some people always see one at her best—he appeared on the scene invariably when one was least desirous of spectators.

I started out with rather a sinking heart not long after the adventure of the poem—which incident, by the way, had rankled not a little in my mind—to hunt up a Sunday school pupil who had dropped off, after an attendance of a Sunday or two upon my class. He was said to live on a small street which I had never heard of, in a remote and not especially genteel part of the city which I had never explored, and I foresaw that I should get lost. I stopped on my way at the house of another pupil of mine, whom I knew to be ill, and whom I had been visiting for some time.

His mother received me in a cold, stuffy little parlor, and entertained me while Johnnie was being made ready for company. I listened sympathetically to a long narrative of the heartless treatment she had received from her physician, who really did seem to have neglected his poor little patient, and to have been rude and overbearing beside. I had passed him once as I went in, and had noticed how red and bloated his face was, and had thought then that he drank. He was a physician, I suppose, of no standing. I had never before heard his name.

"And then," she concluded, "I just phoned for Dr. Griffin. My husband said: 'Don't you be bothering Dr. Griffin; he's got more'n he can do tending to the rich people.' But he's got time to tend to poor people, too, as well I knew. And I phoned, and he came. Ah, he's an angel in a sickroom!"

The comparison struck me as so ludicrous that a smile rose to my face before I could check it.

"If I was Queen Victoria and Johnnie was the queen's son he couldn't be no kinder. Now, you can just walk right in and see how peart Johnnie's gettin'!"

After leaving there I walked on, and on, and on, as the story books say, and it really did seem that I had embarked upon one of the vague, nightmarish quests of the Norse tales. The end of my journey seemed always just at hand, and still it lengthened, lengthened, till I could fancy that I was a lovelorn princess looking for the castle of the clouds. If Bonaparte Plunkett had lived east o' the sun and west o' the moon, or at any other of the addresses given in those voracious histories, he could not, it seemed to me, have been more tantalizingly inaccessible. He took on, at last, a half-mythical character in my mind, as I could find no trace of him.

Hens and chickens ran squawking across my path; geese hissed at me, to my unspeakable discomposure; puddles of ill-smelling water appeared on the mean sidewalks; dirty women and children swarmed about the doors, and still Bonaparte Plunkett's place of residence ever receded from me. I began to have a distinctly disreputable feeling, as if I were becoming assimilated to my squalid environments, and a faint fear arose within me, as I realized that I had not the slightest idea in the world of where I was. Yes, I was lost.

I stood still and looked blankly around me, beginning, as the last straw, to feel that my ankle was giving out.

I was just making up my mind to ask the way to the nearest car line of the next person whom I should meet, when I saw a buggy coming down the street. A sudden hope took possession of me. He always came when I was in some undignified and ridiculous plight. And—yes!

"Oh, Doctor Griffin!" I called out. He pulled up at that quivering cry and looked at me for a moment in the blankest amazement.

"And what are you doing in Rocketts, miss?" he demanded, as he helped me in.

A wild wave of exhilaration had come over me when I felt myself safe in the vehicle.

"I was only paying some calls," I said, in an off-hand way. "Aren't the claims of society burdensome? I am really tired."

"Calls!" he repeated. "And where were you calling in Rocketts?"

"I was going to the Plunketts," I said. "But never mind—it isn't their day anyway."

I began to repent my nonsense when he took a little red notebook out of his pocket and, utterly ignoring my presence, began to look over it with knitted brows. We drove on in perfect silence for several blocks, and he manifested no intention of resuming the conversation at all, while I, on my part, was occupied in regretting that I had totally forgotten that I was "on my dignity," as my old nurse would say.

"Well, Miss Frances," he said, suddenly, without looking up, "have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you, for what?" I questioningly replied, but a reminiscent wave of mortification swept over me.

He gave a short laugh, still turning the leaves of his book, but did not answer.

As he sat looking down, with his brow furrowed and his rugged face showing very hard lines at its hardest in the clear daylight, I stole timid glances at him and wondered how I had the temerity to recite those miserable, sentimental verses of mine to him, of all men! I blushed hotly as I thought of my folly.

The horse had slackened his pace, but the doctor did not seem to notice it.

"Have you been writing any more poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility.

"No," I said, stiffly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I said. "I didn't like that—what's its name—sonnet of yours?" he remarked, flapping the horse with the reins.

"Ah," I said, as if I had not already been crushed by the snubbing which it had received.

"Do you want to know why I did not like it?" he went on. He put his book down and looked at me with a queer smile.

"Yes," I said, but still with the haughtiness born of inward humiliation.

He took off his hat and looked carefully into the crown, frowning as if he had that moment remembered leaving there something of the highest value which seemed to be missing. And then he put it on again. He cleared his throat and jerked at the reins.

"I didn't like to think of your whimpering about some whippersnapper," he said, "when I want you myself."

When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places, and the waterfall had ceased rushing and roaring in my ears, I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face must have struck him at last, for he stopped abruptly.

"Wait, don't say anything yet," he said.

We were drawing near to my own home, but the horse went very slowly.

"If you could tell me," he began—there was something positively uncanny and awful to me in the humility of his tone—"but don't say anything unless it is yes." Take time—any length of time.

Time! It seemed to me that it had been a thousand years already. It was such an old, old fact that Dr. Griffin had asked me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things were before it happened, but no, there was nothing before that.

Neither spoke as he helped me out of the buggy and solemnly walked with me up the long green yard. He paused at the porch.

"If," he said, "you could possibly say 'yes'—don't make me wait."

I ran up the steps without replying, and opened the door, stopping with my hand upon the knob and looking back at him standing upon the walk below.

"Yes!" I said, and banging the door I flew upstairs to my own room.

Then I peeped at him through the shutters, and saw that he had bowed his head on his hat for a moment, as if it were in church.

What a ridiculous couple we will be! —Ladies' Home Journal.

### On His Guard.

They have lady lawyers in America, but the departure is still new. One day a large, burly Irishman was giving evidence. The idea of being questioned by a woman lawyer was to him a huge joke, until she began to question him on personal matters, when, assuming a suspicious air, he remarked: "I don't know yer intentions, mum, but I'm a married man." —Tit-Bits.

## CANDOR OF MR. BRYAN.

The Democratic Candidate Is Above Deception and Dishonesty.

The republican organs parade as damaging to the democratic candidate the telegraphic correspondence of Mr. Bryan and Senator Jones concerning the populist nomination and the reports of his stubborn determination to let the populists know where he stands.

The effect of Mr. Bryan's attitude and utterances is undoubtedly the opposite of that hoped for by these organs. The publication of the Bryan-Jones correspondence did Mr. Bryan more good than harm, and all that he may say in line with his determination to meet the populists with perfect candor is beneficial to him.

The American people admire frankness and honesty. They abhor trickery and deceit in politics. The public man who speaks his mind and disdains to profit by deception or hypocrisy earns their respect, as the public man who shows himself willing to profit by trickery receives their contempt.

It may not have been good politics in the narrow sense of apparent temporary advantage for Mr. Bryan to tell the populists that he did not want and could not accept their nomination on the terms with which it was offered, but it was good politics in the broadest and best sense. It was the kind of politics that gains honor and confidence for a man and that wins in the long run.

Mr. Bryan's desire to deal frankly with the populists and to give them an opportunity to act with a clear conception of his own position was altogether creditable. It showed him to be willing

## "THE PAUPER CANDIDATE."

Despicable Methods of Republicans and Disgruntled Democrats.

The enemies of democracy have already begun a campaign of abuse. No language is too vile, no epithet too coarse for them in speaking of the man nominated by the Chicago convention. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York Herald, many times a millionaire, and a resident of Europe because the country that made him rich is not good enough for him, has generally had the grace to support the democratic ticket. But following the lead of the disgruntled Dana, his paper has bolted the nominations and left the democratic ranks. To make the defection more disgusting, it copied that perfect specimen of shifting sophistry, the Sun editorial declaring for McKinley, and added "me too," virtually acknowledging its inability to frame a declaration of its own, exhibiting bad judgment and lack of originality as well. But the climax was reached when the Herald printed the following sentence:

"Bryan is a pauper of the west; he has not a dollar and is proud of his poverty."

This vile and foolish attack gives to the democracy a campaign phrase of irresistible force. Mr. Bryan may not be rich, but he has never begged his bread and has always worked honorably for it. In this he is a typical American citizen. In this he is a representative of the true American idea. In this, too, he differs from McKinley and his followers. He has not allowed other men to pay his debts. He has not sold himself, body and soul, to a syndicate of millionaires. He is not rich, it is true

## MR. HANNA CALLS ON MR. WANAMAKER.



to lose the populist nomination by honest dealing rather than win it by consenting to a misconception or to a course that might savor of deception or dishonesty. The feeling of party resentment which might be felt against a man who is willing to sacrifice a political opportunity to conscience must yield to a feeling of respect for his courage and probity.

The populists know now that if their representatives voted for Mr. Bryan's nomination under a misunderstanding of the situation the democratic candidate was not a party to the misunderstanding. They know that if the populist convention acted without a clear knowledge of the consequences the convention was kept from securing that knowledge by its own officers and not by the man who was most concerned and most anxious that the convention should act with a full knowledge of all the circumstances bearing upon its action.

The revelation of Mr. Bryan's attitude and wishes cannot fail to win him the respect not only of the populists, who are chiefly concerned in this matter, but of all men who love honesty and courage. —St. Louis Republic.

Said William McKinley, speaking in the house of representatives on June 24, 1890: "I am for the largest use of silver in the currency of the country. I would not dishonor it; I would give it equal credit and honor with gold. I would make no discrimination. I would utilize both metals as money and discredit neither. I want the double standard." The official report of these words may be found on page 6,447 of volume 21 of the Congressional Record. Six years after uttering those words William McKinley turned his coat in order to get the republican nomination for the presidency. How much confidence can the people place in a man who will eat his own words in order to get a nomination? —Helena (Mont.) Independent.

The democratic campaign will be one of education. That of the republicans will be one of vilification. —St. Louis Republic.

and to be poor because he scorned the methods that have made his enemies rich is a thing to be proud of. To style him a pauper because he lacks the ill-gotten gains the Ohio syndicate is seeking broadcast for corruption purposes, is to insult, not only the man of the people, but the people themselves.

As a campaign cry, "The Pauper Candidate" will awaken the indignation and hasten the action of millions of the honest American citizens.

To the "three R's" was credited the election of Cleveland in 1884. It appears that "The Pauper Candidate" is likely to have a similar effect in this campaign. —Tammany Times.

### POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The Hanna "object lesson" reached its zenith at Homestead in 1891, and there was a decided echo at the polls that year. —N. Y. Journal.

—The campaign biography of Mr. Kinley traces his ancestry back to "Constantine Mauduff, earl of Fife, who killed Macbeth, thus by heroic conduct creating the basis for Shakespeare's immortal tragedy." This ought to catch the jingo vote. —Utica Observer.

—The republicans have not formally renounced their hope of carrying at least one southern state, but since the democratic victories in Alabama and Tennessee the talk of breaking the solid south has ceased, and mighty little is being said about the solid west. —Kansas City Times.

—If the gold men thought they could elect McKinley thereby they could undoubtedly raise a campaign fund of \$100,000,000 in Europe alone, but the gold men keep pretty well informed and they know that the single gold standard has reached the end of its string in the United States. —Wheeling Register.

—Mr. Hanna appears to be meeting with some success in trying out his New York. But some day those who are thus blackmailed may find that it is a good deal cheaper to pay a reasonable income tax in support of the government than it is to make unreasonable contributions to support political bossism. —N. Y. World.



## THE FARMING WORLD.

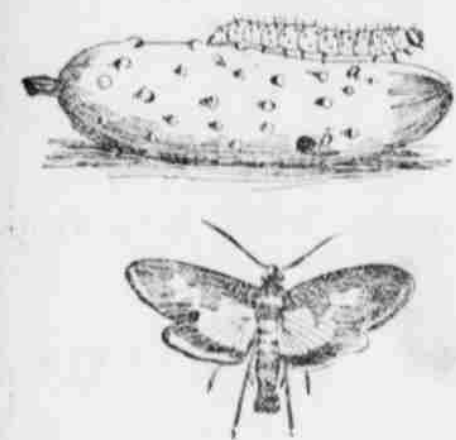
### THE GARDENER'S SONG.

Oh! a gardener's life is as pleasant a life  
As a workingman's can be:  
Tis a glad pursuit to plant the root,  
And nurse the flower and tree,  
His life is set to ceaseless song,  
Sweeter than poet can sing,  
Warbled in notes from the feather'd throats  
Of the birds, from summer to spring,  
And doth he not make the wild-st brake  
Gay as a conqueror's fleet?  
For his strong right hand is the magic wand  
That brings fresh flowers to our feet,  
With a sneer or a frown a man may look down  
Upon many ignoble trades;  
But purple and pride even dare not deride  
The work of the king of spades.  
The oldest craft known he claims as his own,  
The only work Heaven thought well  
Should be done by a man ere a trouble began,  
Or the "grand old gardener" fell.  
Then the men of the spade should be proud  
Of their trade,  
Invading no crowded mart,  
Whose daily toil gives wealth to the soil,  
And joy to the home and heart.  
—Gardener's Magazine.

### THE CUCUMBER WORM.

A Parasite, That Does Much Damage and Is Hard to Fight.

Larvae of the neat cucumber worm may be found by the wholesale in some gardens, ruining pickles or cucumbers. The larva is easily recognizable; it is about one inch long and of a yellowish white color with a greenish tinge. On each segment are a few slightly elevated shining dots, from each of which a fine hair issues. The head of the larva is yellow with a brown margin. The illustration herewith represents the cucumber as affected; the larvae generally begin to appear about the middle of July and continue their depredations until late in September, feeding on the flesh of the cucumber, rendering it unfit for use, and causing premature decay. Often several specimens are found on a single cucumber. When mature the



NEAT CUCUMBER WORM AND MOTH.

larva leaves the fruit, draws together a few fragments of leaves, spins a cocoon and in about eight or ten days the slender brown chrysalis changes to a yellowish brown colored moth. There is more than a single brood and the chrysalis of the last passes the winter emerging as a moth the next year.

The moth, as shown in the illustration, has an irregular patch of yellow on the fore wings, which also constitutes the color of the greater portion of the inner parts of the hind ones; the thighs, breast and abdomen are silvery white, giving the whole of the under side of the body a pearly appearance. The lower parts of the legs are yellow. The body of the female differs somewhat from that of the male; it terminates in a small flattened black brush, squarely truncated; the preceding segment, however, is of a rusty brown color above. The brush-like appendage of the male is much larger, formed of long narrow scales, which vary in color in the same specimen; some are white, others are brown or orange, but generally all three colors are present in one specimen. About the only method of dealing with this pest is to destroy the larvae of the first brood by hand picking while the vines are not yet too large, or cook and feed the affected fruit to swine. Being difficult to control, it is necessary that every precaution be taken and every insect destroyed.—Farm and Home.

### GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

In growing fruit and vegetables if large size is desired do not overcrowd, but give each plant and specimen plenty of room.

Most varieties of pears are finer in flavor if they are picked and ripened in the house rather than left on the tree until fully ripe.

Sudden and severe pruning, such as taking off a large quantity of wood in a single season, is apt to ruin the fruit crop of the next season.

One rule in pruning should be to thin out every year all the old exhausted wood, all weak, young shoots and all that cannot reach full light.

The best and most profitable pruning of raspberries and blackberries can be done now by pinching the young canes back to not over three feet high. Unnecessary growth of wood is made at the expense of fruit.

The sprouts growing around the bark of fruit trees, even allowing that they do no great harm, are at the least unsightly and should be removed without delay. Now is a good time for doing work of this kind.

In the orchard and for all kinds of fruit phosphate and potash manures give the best results.—St. Louis Republic.

### BUTTER-MAKING RULES.

Recently Issued by the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

Simple rules for butter-making have been issued in a revised form by the Royal Agricultural Society, of England and are printed as follows in our English contemporaries. They are put in the following manner:

Prepare churn, butter-worker, wooden hands and sieve as follows: (1) Rinse with cool water; (2) scald with boiling water; (3) rub thoroughly with salt; (4) rinse with cold water.

Always use a correct thermometer. The cream when in the churn to be at temperature of 55 to 58 degrees in summer, and 60 to 62 degrees in winter. The churn should never be more than half full. Churn at number of revolution suggested by maker of churn. If non are given, churn at 40 to 45 revolution per minute. Always churn slowly a first.

Ventilate the churn freely and frequently during churning, until no air rushes out when the vent is opened.

Stop churning immediately the butter comes. This can be ascertained by the sound; if in doubt, look.

The butter should now be like grain of mustard seed. Pour in a small quantity of cold water (one pint water to two quarts cream) to harden the grains, and give a few more turns to the churn, gently. Draw off the buttermilk giving plenty of time for draining. Use a straining-cloth placed over a hair sieve, so as to prevent any loss, and wash the butter in the churn with plenty of cold water; then draw off the water, and repeat the process until the water comes off quite clear.

To brine butter, make a strong brine, two or three pounds of salt to one gallon of water. Place straining-cloth over mouth of churn, pour in brine, put lid on churn, turn sharply half a dozen times, and leave from ten to fifteen minutes. Then lift the butter out of churn into sieve, turn butter out on worker, leave it a few minutes to drain, and work gently till all superfluous moisture is pressed out.

To dry-salt butter, place butter on worker, let it drain ten to fifteen minutes, then work gently till all the butter comes together. Place it on the scales and weigh; then weigh salt; for slight salting, one-fourth ounce; medium, one-half ounce; heavy salting, three-quarters ounce to the pound of butter. Roll butter out on worker and carefully sprinkle salt over the surface, a little at a time; roll up and repeat till all the salt is used.

X. B.—Never touch the butter with your hands.

### PERISHABLE PRODUCE.

In Australia Butter Is Now Packed in Plaster of Paris.

There seems to be no limit to the ingenuity bestowed upon the devising of means for accomplishing the transport of the perishable produce of distant climes to the English market. A new method, described in the Australasian, is that of packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary glass, all the edges being covered over with gummed paper. The glass box is enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris, a quarter of an inch thick, and this is covered with specially prepared paper. The plaster being a bad conductor of heat, the temperature inside the hermetically sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. The cost of packing is about one penny per pound. Butter packed in the way described at Melbourne has been sent across the sea to South Africa, and when the case was opened at Kimberley, 700 miles from Cape Town, the butter was found to be as sound as when it left the factory in Victoria. Cases are now made to hold as much as two hundredweight of butter, and 40 hands, mostly boys and girls, are occupied in making the glass receptacles and covering them with plaster. The top, or lid, however, is put on by a simple mechanical arrangement, and is removed by the purchaser equally easily. A saving of 25 per cent. on freight and packing is claimed in comparison with the cost of frozen butter carried in the usual way.—Scientific American.

### WATER FOR CATTLE.

How Excellent Use Can Be Made of a Water-Tight Barrel.

Pasture springs become foul mud-holes if left for cattle to drink from and tramp through. Moreover, the water



HOW TO WATER CATTLE.

gets very warm in summer. Cut a barrel in two parts. Put one over the spring as shown, and lead the water by a pipe into the other, placed on lower ground. The water being constantly moving will keep fresh and cool, and cattle can thus drink without soiling the water.—N. Y. Tribune.

The larger the summer and fall growth of strawberry plants the larger the crop of fruit next season. To secure this through cultivation now and liberal manuring later will be found necessary.

man coming up the board walk. "There's too much sixteen to one in this business to suit me," she lazily drawled, and yawned again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### LIFE IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

Planters Live in Luxury and Reign Over Many Vassals.

The stranger in southern Mexico is astonished at the magnificence in which the wealthy planters live. Each is like a king in his own extensive domain, absolute monarch of all he surveys and lord of the lives and destinies of his retainers, or peons, as the laborers of rural Mexico are called. There is no other house within 20 miles of Goatzacoals except the straw-thatched huts of the laborers, all of which, with the storehouses, chapel and other buildings necessary to the wants of the isolated community, are inclosed within stone walls, high and strong enough to withstand a siege. From sala to kitchen the proprietor's residence is a model of elegance and comfort, suited to the climate and typical of the rural homes of wealthy Mexicans. The family altar room, which none of these good Catholics could dispense with, is not the least attractive part of the house. Rare pictures adorn its walls, and in a large glass case is a figure of the infant Jesus—a rather large wax doll, with eyes that open and shut and a mop of yellow curls upon the head—which the sonora and her daughters make a religious duty of dressing beautifully in lace caps and silken robes, adorned with jewels. On either side of the sleeping babe stands figures of Mary and Joseph, with hands clasped as if in adoration, and twice a day every member of the family says his prayers and paternosters before it. At the far end of the house is the bath, reached by a covered stairway. Descending 20 feet or more, you come to a pool of clear, cool water, about seven feet deep, fed by a spring. Inside the great casa are two bathrooms with tiled floors, porcelain tubs and all "modern conveniences," but everybody who can swim naturally prefers the outside bath. The hacienda garden is a wonder in its way. In it are rows of coconut, mangoes and real pear trees, clumps of oranges and limes, thickets of figs and pomegranates, while the flower beds, raised a foot from the ground and bordered with beautiful shells bedded in mortar, are filled with roses, narcissus, tuberoses and other flowers common enough at home, but here almost unrecognizable as the familiar favorites, because grown to such greater perfection.

But even this paradise has its drawbacks. For one thing, there is little good drinking water in Campeche, and no such thing as ice to be had for "love or money." While each family has a well, the water coming from a depth enough to keep it moderately cool, the salt in it renders it unfit to drink. Therefore, rainwater is kept in tanks and cooled by evaporation in porous jars. But few people in the tropics drink any water "straight," so to speak. Chocolate is invariably served at breakfast and coffee with dinner, and always claret or other wines with the food. And then there are a hundred delicious and cooling beverages concocted from oranges, limes, pineapples and seeds. The national bread—"tortillas" (not the tortillas of Mexico)—is made from cornmeal, which, by the way, is now selling in Campeche at the rate of \$24 a barrel, so that bread is beyond the reach of the poorer classes. Bananas, however, are the "staff of life" hereabouts, eked out to be tortillas of crushed corn, a la Mexican. Butter, brought from New York and Denmark, costs from 60 cents to \$1 a pound; cheese, 50 cents; fresh beef, 37 cents, but happily, fish, the finest in the world, and luscious fruits of many varieties are plentiful and cheap.—Philadelphia Record.

### His Fortune.

"My dear Jimson, what is the cause of your joyful expression of countenance? Have you received a fortune?"  
"I have, my dear fellow, I have."  
"Congratulations. And the figure?"  
"It's a b-o-y!"—Detroit Free Press.

### 25.00 Chicago to St. Paul and Return.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will, on August 31 and September 1, 1896, sell excursion tickets from Chicago to St. Paul and return at rate of \$5.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until September 15, with privilege of further extension to September 30, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE TALL MAN (angrily)—"I'll get even with you, sir." The Short Man (easily)—"You will have to get down on your knees to do it."

### A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

"Come into the garden, Maud," but Maud was much too wise. Said she: "O, no; the corn has ears and the potatoes eyes."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.—"I suppose you have music at the hotel?" "No; but we have a band."—Harper's Bazar.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Mrs. Mabel promise to marry her photographer lover?" "No. She developed a negative."—Detroit Free Press.



### Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



"Everybody Likes It."

# Battle Ax PLUG

Everybody likes "Battle Ax" because of its exceedingly fine quality.

Because of the economy there is in buying it.

Because of its low price. It's the kind the rich men chew because of its high grade, and the kind the poor men can afford to chew because of its great size.

A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is almost twice the size of the 10-cent piece of other high grade brands.

## DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY

ORIGINAL

DESIGNS

PUBLISHED

In This Country

—IN—  
L'Art de La Mode.

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress.

Order of your Newsdealer or send 50 Cents for the last Number.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,  
3 East 19th Street,  
New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR  
CHOLERA WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cholera Syrup. Tastes Good. Use  
in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION

GOLD OR SILVER? WHICH? If you have lost in the right place, you'll always have plenty of both metals. To get the most out of a little in an **ENHANCED IDAHO FRUIT FARM**, 3 to 40 acres on easy terms. Perfect water right, U. P. R. R. Depot, School, etc. Homes built for bona fide settlers. For literature or information, address Dept. of Land, **IDAHO FRUIT CO., 50 Broadway, N. Y.** This Company is composed of men whose reputation is national.

WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to sell. **STEADY WORK** **STARK TREES** millionseeded, proven "Gull-lutely best." Superb outfit, new system. **STARK BROTHERS, Inc., LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKFORD, ILL.**

### EDUCATIONAL.

**LORETTO ACADEMY**  
LORETTO, MARION CO., KENTUCKY.  
Acknowledges no superior in facilities for imparting Knowledge, Culture and Refinement. **TEACHES MODERN LANGUAGES.** For Catalogues apply to **DIRECTRESS OF STUDIES.**

**THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, ST. CARROLL, ILL.**  
A College Preparatory School affiliated with the University of Chicago. Strong departments in Music and Art. Introductory course in common English branches. Fall term opens Sept. 15, 1896, in what has been for more than 40 years St. Carroll Seminary. **Ms. R. Gardner, Dean.**

**FRANKLIN COLLEGE NEW ATHENS, Ohio.**  
Furnished rooms and books, \$2.00 to \$3.00 a week. Tuition \$10 a year; 8 courses; no saloons. Thorough, safe, satisfying free, with plan to earn income. **W. A. WILLIAMS, B. S., Pres.**

**A. N. K.—E. 1018**  
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw L'Art de la Mode in this paper.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.  
CHAS. E. HABICHT, - Associate Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY, Sept. 17, 1896.

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:  
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,  
Of Nebraska.

For Vice-President:  
ARTHUR SEWALL,  
Of Maine.

For Congressman, Tenth District,  
THOMAS Y. FITZPATRICK,  
OF FLOYD COUNTY.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce A. T. COMBS as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce J. B. HOLLON as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

G. T. CENTER is hereby announced as a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic primary, September 19.

We are authorized to announce Dr. S. S. SWANGO as a candidate for County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

### For Commonwealth Attorney.

We are authorized to announce A. F. BYRD as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for the 23rd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. H. HARRIS, of Lee county, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for the 23rd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic primary October 3, 1896.

### FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

ROLLIN A. KASH is hereby announced as a candidate for County Attorney of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

### FOR COUNTY CLERK.

We hereby announce SILAS TUTT as a candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democrats at the primary on September 19.

### FOR JAILER.

I am a candidate for the office of Jailer of Wolfe county, and solicit the support of the Democratic party in the Primary to be held September 19, 1896. Some seven years since I had the misfortune to lose one of my legs, and since that time have been unable to perform farm labor. That, for more than any other reason, prompts me to ask for the office, and, if elected, I promise to fulfill the duties in every respect. Hoping for your support, I am, obediently yours,  
ALFRED MILLER.

TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF WOLFE COUNTY:  
I wish to announce that I am a candidate for Jailer of Wolfe county, subject to the Democratic party. I have always been a Democrat, and have always supported the Democratic nominee in every race, national, state and county, and this is the first time I ever asked for office. My wife has been an invalid for 15 years, and I have been unfortunate in that respect. If I get the nomination and am elected, I will fill the office to the satisfaction of everybody. Asking your support and suffrage at the Primary, I am yours, "for the nominee."  
WM. BREWER.

### FOR ASSESSOR.

I am a candidate for the office of Assessor of Wolfe county, and solicit the support of the Democratic party in the Primary to be held September 19, 1896. Having been a Democratic voter in the county of Wolfe and a friend to the party through thick and thin for always, I am now asking the office of Assessor for the county. I am and always have been for any and everything that would help the country. I have put in both money and time to foster every enterprise, and never charged a cent for my service, and aside from this no laboring man ever called on me for a favor but he got it. Go into my precinct and find the facts. Asking now that you will support me as I have you, I remain your friend,  
R. F. ANDERSON.

We are authorized to announce G. W. SALLEE, as a candidate for Assessor of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary.

### Primary Election Call.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the Democratic Committee of the 23rd judicial district of Kentucky, a primary election will be held in all the counties composing said district on the 3rd day of October, 1896, between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating Democratic candidates for the offices of circuit judge and commonwealth's attorney for said district to be voted for at the November election 1897. At said primary election the polls will be opened at the regular voting places in all the voting precincts of each county in said district. This August 18, 1896.

ED CALLAHAN, Chairman,  
WM. GOODY, Secretary.

THE gold bugs have held their convention in Indianapolis and with all their airs of superior honor and honesty have fooled nobody. They, as was expected, nominated candidates for president and vice-president, which they neither expect or desire to be elected, denounced all Democrats who favor the nominees of the regular Democratic convention, adopted a platform favoring only the single gold standard, which no convention whatever its political complexion has ever done before, and adjourned willing, doubtless, to assemble again in convention if they have left undone anything which the money sharks of the country would have them do. It was a great convention, if the importance of the delegates composing it could be accepted at the estimate which they place upon themselves. It was a convention with lofty ideas of morality. Billy Breckinridge was its chief spokesman and his standard of morality is well known to the people of this country. It was a grand Democratic convention and its slogan, "vote for the nominees of it if thereby the election of McKinley can be best promoted, if not vote straight for McKinley," ought to prove it. Democratic!—of course, it was if Democracy and Republicanism mean one and the same thing. Democrats of the South, at least, are expected to vote for the ticket named by that convention. It matters not to them, of course, that Gen. Palmer was willing immediately after the war to disfranchise every Democrat or Southern sympathiser. The gold standard must be upheld, if we have to kiss every hand that smites us, say the bolters. Democrats of Virginia, what say you?—Peninsula Enterprise.

The state convention of Gold Democrats on August 25 in Illinois nominated for governor Gen. John C. Black. The general declined the great honor thrust upon him by men anxious to save this country. In the letter of declination the general says:

I recognize the disinterested character and lofty aims of your organization, that seeks to establish the Democracy upon its ancient foundation and amidst its ancient principles, a refuge for its erring brethren in the future and a safeguard of free government. I recognize the unselfish devotion of the men present in your convention to principle and Democracy, but I am further convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the only effect in the election of my candidacy would be to diminish the chances of one or the other of these gentlemen for election; Tanner, Republican, and Altgeld, Democrat.

Would it not have been wise and patriotic if Mr. Palmer and Mr. Buckner, had, recognizing the uselessness of their candidacy, said, we do not wish to interfere with the election of Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, therefore we decline. Anyhow that war record of Palmer will lay him on the shelf. Gen. Buckner will, we suppose, get some votes, bolter as he is.—Mt. Sterling Advocate.

### Communicated.

The time has come at last when the people of this grand old commonwealth realize that the administration of public affairs has been too long in the hands of unscrupulous and impure men. Year by year has more forcibly impressed this great truth that our ruin has been accomplished by scheming politicians who sought self-elevation rather than the interest and welfare of their constituents. This will exist not only among State but also among county officials.

Men are elected not upon merit, but by organizations, town cliques and relationships. A man may be a drunkard, or he may be immoral in every respect, but if he is in the ring he is sure to win. It is seldom, if ever, an honest, respectable, temperate and conscientious country man obtains the goal he seeks for. Such has been the case too long, but it is refreshing to think that there is beginning to dawn a time when the fathers of this country desire to correct a long and terrible mistake of giving office to those whose deeds and reputation make them unfit to fill it, they realize that they must cast their votes for those who, judging from their past lives, would conscientiously and judiciously discharge the duties incumbent upon them.

There is a man before the public to-day whose every act of life has been an honorable act and whose name is spotless as his character is pure, a man who knows the sting of poverty and the bitter blasts of adversity. Now, without defaming or ignoring the claims of others, we cheerfully recommend to the public a man—a gentleman, in its truest sense who answers to the name of J. Tom Amyx. MANY VOICES.

### Academy Notes.

More pupils have matriculated than for the same time last year.

Ten matriculates since last "notes."

The "Bible Talks" each morning are creating quite an interest among the pupils.

Prof. Holley spent last Sunday at the annual meeting in Menefee county.

Prof. Cord preached at Daysboro on last Sunday afternoon.

Prof. DeBusk was called to Goodwin's Chapel on Wednesday on legal business.

The two societies are arranging for some good work in their lines this fall and winter.

W. C. Campbell went to see and hear Hon. W. J. Bryan, at Lexington, Tuesday.

We hear of quite a number of people who expect to move into town this fall in order to put their children in school.

Why not the two societies adopt a society button to be worn by their members?

The "Academy" would like for every former pupil of H. G. A., who is teaching this fall, to drop him a postal telling where he or she is teaching. Do so at once. ACADEMITE.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 25-48.

**At 4 Price**

Gold and Silver Watches, Bicycles, Tricycles, Sewing Machines, Organs, Pianos, Old Mills, Cash Registers, Jack Screws, Trucks, Axles, Hacksaws, Press Stands, Copy Books, Vases, Brills, Road Flows, Lawn Mowers, Coffee Mills, Lathes, Benches, Dump Carts, Corn Shellers, Hand Carts, Forges, Saws, Wire Fences, Fencing Mills, Bringers, Engines, Saws, Steel Sinks, Grain Dumps, Cross Bars, Builders, Tools, Bit Braces, Hays, Sinks, Elevators, Railroads, Platforms and Counter Stalls. Read for free catalogue and see how to save money. 152 So. Jefferson St., CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

### Taken Up.

Came to my place, on Grassy Creek, Ky., about three weeks ago, a stray mare, of the following description: Dark bay, 8 or 9 years old, erect fallen and a small wart on the fore leg. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges for keeping, advertising, etc. DOC STAMPEL, Sept. 9, 1896. w4 Grassy Creek, Ky.

### Land Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due School district No. 30, for the school year ending June 30, 1896, I will on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896, between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock, p. m., at J. G. Taulbee's store, offer for sale the following described real estate, it being the property of the Kentucky Union Lumber Co., to-wit: Known as the Meadow Branch, and bounded by the lands of Isaac Elkins, J. M. Terrell and D. R. Profit. The amount of said tax is \$21, costs \$2, total \$23. Sold by me as treasurer of said district. J. W. NAPIER.

### FOR SALE.

Necessity compels me to collect all that is owing to me so that I can pay debts that I owe. All who are indebted to me that do not make settlement with me at once, will find their notes or account in the hands of an officer for collection. I want to sell all the real estate I own and have control of, consisting of two houses and lots in Campton; six acres of land in Campton; one farm of sixty acres one and one-half miles from Campton, and four lots in Walnut Grove, Ky. Will sell on easy terms. JOSEPH C. LYKINS, July 22, 1896. H Campton, Ky.

**J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
Surgery and obstetrics a specialty

# CREATEST CLOTHING SALE!

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4,

And Continuing Until Closed Out.

The Largest and Best Stock of Clothing in Kentucky.

REGARDLESS OF VALUE!

REGARDLESS OF COST!

REGARDLESS OF PRICE!

We do not care what prices competitors name, we will take 25 per cent off of same goods. In our stock we have Fifteen Hundred Suits of Clothing, costing from \$12, \$15, \$20 and \$25, which we have put the knife to the core.

COME AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE FOR \$7.50.

Nothing reserved in this lot. But Bring the Cash With You When You Come! One Hundred and Fifty Middlesex Flannel Suits, sewed with silk thread, and new fresh goods, at \$7.00 per suit, color guaranteed.

THIS IS A CORKER!

Four Hundred and Fifty Suits from our last sale, which sold at \$4.99, and worth \$10 and \$12, at \$3.99. Pants at 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, worth \$1.50, \$2 and \$3. One Hundred pair Pants, fine wool cassimere, at \$2, worth \$5.

You Never Did, You Never Will, Buy Good Clothing At These Prices.

**Louis & Gus Straus.**

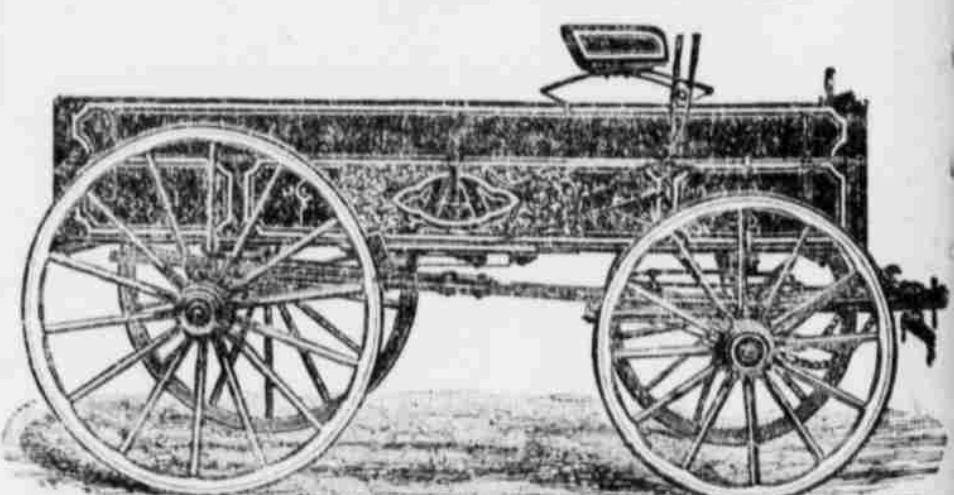
LEADING CLOTHIERS,

LEXINGTON AND PARIS, KY.

**ROSE & DAVIS**

—PRACTICAL—

**BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,**  
HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

**PIERATT'S**

**LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,**  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

H. F. PIERATT, Proprietor.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DAY HOUSE.



Special care taken of teams for Commercial Travelers. Parties conveyed to any point on liberal terms. Patronage of the public respectfully solicited. H. F. PIERATT.

**Bowling Green Business College.**  
THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.  
A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.  
HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS.  
RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.  
Catalogue—JOURNAL FREE. Cherry Brook, Bowling Green, Ky.



## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Whoever Hath Anything to Offer in this Great Trial

Of Conscience Let Him Step Forth and Give Testimony—God is Plaintiff and the Soul is Defendant—The Issues at Stake Tremendous.

The illustrations of this sermon are drawn from the scenes in a courtroom with which Dr. Talmage became familiar when he was studying law, before he studied for the ministry. The text is: 1 John iii, 1: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Standing in a courtroom, you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this juror's bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any other and terminer or circuit or supreme or chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O Christian man, and hear the indictment of the Court of high Heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai, and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" Are you guilty or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not, therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

This lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O Lord, I am Thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? I go back to your first communion. You remember it as well as if it were yesterday. You know how the vision of the cross rose before you. You remember how from the head and the hands and the side and the feet there came bleeding forth these two words: "Remember Me." You recall how the cup of communion trembled in your hand when you first took it; and as in a seashell you may hear, or think you hear, the roaring of the surf even after the shell has been taken from the beach, so you lifted the cup of communion and you heard in it the surging of the great ocean of a Saviour's agony; and you came forth from that communion service with face shining as though you had been on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the very air seemed tremulous with the love of Jesus, and the woods and the leaves and the grass and the birds were brighter and sweeter-voiced than ever before, and you said down in the very depths of your soul: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Have you kept the bargain, O Christian man? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been a hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further: this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they can not see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling, all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip female and male! I think the males are the worst! Now the chariot of Christ's salvation goes on through the world, but it is our inconsistencies, my brethren, that block up the wheels, while all along the line there ought to have been east nothing but palm branches, and the shout should have been lifted: "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called and on we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! whosoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him

now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the World—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion.

There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get midstream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O World of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial.

What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the World, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in Heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O world with the greedy eye and the hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the world and the church, and, while the world, on the witness stand to-day, has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, that will do; you may sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in Heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpions I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right, and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God? It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him, who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You may sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what doest thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have watched him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside the still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalice."

When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great White Throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent Spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the Holy One, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times he has been warned, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the spirit.' Yes, he has driven me back. Though I am the third person of the Trinity, he has trampled on my mission, and the blood of the atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony.

What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to the evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence?

Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What! do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?"

We have come now to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in, the advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those in the profession who have been guilty of a great many meanesses. That profession will be honorable so long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The courtroom has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

Some of you have read of the famous trial in Westminster hall of Warren Hastings, the despoiler of India. That great man had conquered India by splendid talents, by courage, by bribes, by gigantic dishonesty. The whole world had rung with applause or condemnation. Gathered in Westminster hall, a place where 30 kings had been inaugurated, was one of the most famous audiences ever gathered. Foreign ministers and princes sat there. Peers marched in, clad in ermine and gold. Mighty men and women from all lands looked down upon the scene. Amid all that pomp and splendor, and amid an excitement such as has seldom been seen in any court room, Edmund Burke advanced in a speech which will last as long as the English language, concluding with this burning charge, which made Warren Hastings shiver and cower: "I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trampled on and whose country he has turned into a desert. And, lastly, in the name of human nature, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age and rank, I impeach him as the common enemy and oppressor of all."

But I turn from the recital of these memorable occasions to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian, for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, mightier, and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and flexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Then he says: "O thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is Thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and Heaven agrees that the man has signed against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unscathed? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there anyone who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel," perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that anyone will volunteer? Yes, yes; I see one rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of Heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best Advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise him, and he will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasure to his feet. Besides that, he has undertaken the cases of thousands who were so forlorn as you, and he has never lost a case. Courage, Oh Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He says: "I admit that I have been proved against my client. I admit all these sins, aye, more; but look at that wounded hand of mine and look at that other wounded hand, and at my right foot, and at my left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of my tears. Count all the drops of my blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in my tears he hath washed; on my earnestness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourging. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put him on the crown of life, for I have worn the

crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph!"

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a courtroom you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved? Attention! above around, beneath. All the universe cries, "Hear! hear!"

The judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not, desert to his foes; that soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saints but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar, pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the Gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at noonday. The stars appear at noon to-day. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crush a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, up-roaring, cries to flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty, rising on his throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangel's trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you. Better this day secure an advocate.

### INTERESTING ITEMS.

A HANDSOME bronze statue of her majesty Queen Victoria, has been presented to the city of London, by Sir Alfred Seale Haslam. It was unveiled a few days ago by the duke of Cambridge.

HJØRSTEDT HJØRSTEDT, the Norwegian poet and politician, has turned his back upon his country and is going to Germany to live. Hendrik Ibsen has already done so, having settled at Munich.

Mlle JEANNE SAMARY has successfully opened in Paris a theater called Theater Blane, where very proper plays are being given devoid of risqué suggestions. This is the outgrowth of the recent discussion among French women concerning places of amusement for their daughters.

The French chemist, Moissan, recently analyzed the smoke of opium and found that its peculiar effects are due to the presence of a small quantity of morphine. The cheaper qualities of the drug, when burned, produce a variety of poisonous compounds in the smoke, which are more injurious than the morphine that characterizes the smoke of the best morphine.

COLORADO has a new millionaire in the person of Mr. Stoiber, who has expectations of rivaling the famous Mr. Stratton. Mr. Stoiber is a mining engineer by profession, and for a long time lived very humbly with his wife, who is his partner in business, in a little cabin near Silverton. He now has an income of \$800,000 a year, and has one of the handsomest homes in Colorado.

MISS KATE WHEELLOCK, the well-known whist teacher, began her successful professional career ten or twelve years ago. At first she taught a class for nothing, but she was soon struck by the idea that she had a money-making occupation at her hand, and began charging a regular fee for her instructions. Ever since then she has had all she can do in the way of conducting classes, has traveled from place to place wherever classes have been organized, and has lately introduced an invention in the shape of a stereopticon, by means of which she is able to teach large classes.

The proposed bridge over East river, between New York and Brooklyn, plans for which have recently been accepted by the commission in charge, will, when completed, be the greatest triumph in engineering skill in this country. It is, perhaps, not generally realized that this bridge will have the longest span of any bridge in the world save the Forth bridge. It will be the longest suspension bridge in the world, exceeding the present East river bridge, however, by only four feet six inches. The new East river bridge will be 1,609 feet from center to center of towers.

### OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The dowager empress of Russia's magnificent Danish bloodhounds created considerable interest during her visit to Nice. They had round their thick bull necks broad silver curb chains.

—The most accepted ancient theory of language declared that words were imitations of natural sounds, and the fact that every language contains such words is regarded as a strong confirmation of the theory.

—The street superintendent of Niagara Falls, N. Y., has been suspended by the mayor because he would not clean the streets of the city on Sunday, as ordered by the common council. The affair has created much excitement and the Sunday and anti-Sunday people are preparing for a vigorous fight.

—A centenarian in the Newry workhouse, being troubled with asthma, tried to relieve himself by opening his chest with a cobbler's knife, as he said, "to let out the wind." It was thought to be an attempt at suicide, but the man had done the same thing before and had obtained relief in breathing, he said.

—The large rate of increase in the incorporations of social clubs with the advent of the Raines law is causing much comment among state officials. The number of such clubs incorporated from May 1 to July 13 was 834, as compared with 134 during the same period last year.

—A captive balloon at Montpellier, France, provided the town with excitement one evening recently. While five persons, two of them women, were in the car, the rope became wound around a factory chimney, which it brought down. The balloon fell with it, but no sooner had the passengers been taken out than it rose again about 150 feet and blew up with a loud report.

### NO NEWSBOYS IN BERLIN.

Papers Are Delivered by Women in the Capital of Germany.

Newsboys are unknown in Berlin. Who could fancy a Londoner or a New Yorker on the omnibus or the elevated without his newspaper? In the German capital it is different. Every day at a stated hour the newspaper is brought to one's door (be it that of rich man or poor) by a newspaper woman, and read leisurely at the morning "frühstueck" or evening meal. This so-called "abonnement" plan is far wider practiced in Berlin than the habit of buying at the newsdealers' stands. The latter are, nevertheless, well known here, and are in themselves a peculiarity of the German capital. Small stands are erected, generally on the corner of some prominent street, such as Unter den Linden, the Friedrich and Potsdamer, well stocked with newspapers, magazines and often drinks of all kinds, and presided over by men and women. Each newsdealer has, besides the chance buyer, his or her own private patronage, and it would be considered a grave offense for one of these "stiddyds" to buy his paper at any other stand.

There are many odd types among the newsdealers. In many instances their individuality is striking enough to give them celebrity. "Bulow Marie," for instance, is known the world over. She was loved by the great musician, Von Bulow, and was familiar with all the masters of Berlin.

All who have visited Berlin must remember the little wooden booth at the Potsdamer gate, where, be it summer, when the chestnut trees on the nearby flowing canal are in full bloom, or in winter, when the bleak winds are blowing, ever which a stout, motherly-looking woman, with bright red cheeks and cheery blue eyes, is nearly always presiding. "Bulow Marie" loves music. Bulow made her conspicuous by his nattering attentions. He often stopped to chat with her at the Thor.

At the end of one of his last concerts "Bulow Marie" testified her deep admiration for him by kissing him heartily on both cheeks as he was about to get into his carriage.

The composer Moszkowski is another of her friends, along with many of the Berlin opera stars. The youths and maidens of the neighboring conservatory regard her with considerable awe. Any new bit of musical gossip over some famous composer or director, the latest opera, or composition, the death of some great pianist, criticisms of Sarasate, D'Albert and Mascagni, anything, everything musical, must be discussed with "Bulow Marie." She always knows where Moszkowski is to be found, whether Joachim is at home, and how Frau Suher is singing.

There is a locally celebrated anarchist at another paper booth, and at another a genuine baron of most aristocratic connections, points his mustache and twirls his cane while dealing out newspapers to passing purchasers.—Berlin Cor. N. Y. Press.

### Why He Came Early.

Mother (sitting down just as the train starts)—Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window.

Mr. Haven Hartford (with sarcastic politeness)—With pleasure, madame. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour.—Hay City Chat.

### He Got 'Em Sugar Coated.

"Boss, hab you got any dem confound cavortie pills?"

"Yes; do you want them plain or sugar-coated?"

"Dunno. I want dem ones dat's whitewashed."

He got 'em.—Texas Sifter.





#### One of General Palmer's Orders.

FRANKFORT, KY., Sept. 7.—General Palmer, the National Democratic nominee for President, was military Governor of Kentucky in 1865. Just before the August election of that year he issued an order, which, if it could have been indorsed, would have practically disfranchised nearly every Democrat or Southern sympathiser in the State. Divested of preamble it reads:

"First—All rebel soldiers, whether pardoned or not, and without regard to the fact that they have or have not taken any of the oaths as prescribed by law, or executive or military orders, or have registered under orders from headquarters of the department of Kentucky.

"Second—All guerrillas and others who, without belonging to the regular rebel military organization, have taken up arms against the government or people of Kentucky, or any other State or Territory.

"Third—All persons who by act or word, directly or indirectly, gave aid, comfort or encouragement to persons in rebellion. This applies to all persons who have voluntarily acted as scouts or spies for rebel or guerrilla forces, who have voluntarily furnished any rebel with food or clothing, horse or arms or money, or have harbored, concealed or otherwise aided or encouraged them.

"Fourth—All persons who were or have been directly or indirectly engaged in the civil service of the late so-called provisional government of Kentucky, or who have in any way submitted to either of said pretended governments, all agents of or contractors with or for either of said pretended governments are disqualified from voting.

"All persons of the classes aforesaid are required to abstain from all interference with elections, and will, if they shall in any manner interfere therein by voting or by appearing at the polls, will be at once arrested and held for military trial.

"Aid will be given to civil authorities to enforce the laws and to preserve the peace.

"By command of Major General.  
JOHN M. PALMER.  
"E. B. HARLAN,  
"Captain and A. A. G.  
"Official: BEN W. SULLIVAN,  
"Lieut. and Act. A. A. G."

#### Store House For Rent.

I have a first class brick store house, situated on one of the best corners in Hazel Green which I desire to rent John M. Rose has closed out and quit the goods business which leaves a fine opening for a first class store. Call and or address G. B. SWANGO, May 6, 1896. Hazel Green, Ky.

#### A Black Eye.

The following letter, which appeared in a Colorado paper, gives a very black eye to the Mexican dollar "object lesson":

"CAMP SILVER, Aug. 10, 1896.

"Messrs. Phil Armour & Co., Chicago, Ill. Dear Phil:—Your offer of 50 cents worth of meat and a Mexican dollar in exchange for an American dollar received, but I can do better with our home butcher. He offers 50 cents worth of meat and \$2 worth of Portuguese 3 per cent. gold bonds in exchange for a silver dollar.

"Our butcher says the bonds must be good, as Portugal has been on a gold standard since 1853 (20 nations of Europe), and its national debt has only increased 100 per cent since that date. Average wages paid all artisans in Portugal is 17 cents per day.

"In your former letter you told me that all we needed was a little gold, 'banking facilities' and 'confidence.'

"Portugal has a 'little gold,' the world has had its 'improved banking facilities'

since 1853, and I can supply confidence, so the bonds are certainly good.

"Our home butcher says he will continue to give 50 cents worth of meat and \$2 of Portuguese gold bonds after Bryan is elected. Will you continue to give 50 cents worth of meat and a Mexican dollar in exchange for an American dollar after Bryan is elected?

Yours truly,  
"JOHN FAIRLAY."

"P. S. I see the London Times quotes Mexican silver bonds at 94½, Portuguese 3 per cent gold bonds at 26½.

#### LEE COUNTY.

##### Fincastle Fishings.

Mrs. Bonnie Jones left for home yesterday.

B. G. Jones came up from Hedges yesterday afternoon.

W. T. Prater, who moved to Schoolsville, Clark county, last week, returned yesterday.

Mrs. Rachel Burke, Mrs. Alice Morris and Messrs. A. C. Jones and M. Allen went pawing hunting yesterday and had a good time.

Quite a crowd attended the Association at Pine Hill Sunday. Among them we noted Misses Rose and Maud Lane, Deamy Gentry, Sarah Shackelford, and Messrs. T. S. Shackelford, W. A. Jones, Sherman Morris, Douglas Kincaid and Millard Cable.

Success to the HERALD.  
MOUNTAIN BOY.

#### MENEFEE COUNTY.

##### Trimble Bend Tremors.

Rev. Parker, of Owingsville, and other preachers attended the annual meeting at Bett school house grove. About 2,000 people in attendance, and plenty to eat for all. One backslider came in to the fold.

Oley Ledford moved back to his farm from Powell. We are glad to have him in our midst.

There are several from this county going to hear W. J. Bryan, the next president, speak at Lexington.

J. Skeers was up from Beaver to see his best girl.

J. W. Taylor was married to Miss Julie Jones last Thursday.

A. J. Beatty fell from his wagon Monday morning and was unconscious an hour. He is supposed to be paralyzed. He is much better now.

G. W. Wells sold his farm to O. H. Downing for a round price. Wells then bought the Elder Huff property.

Shelby Cannoy had his fingers badly mashed by some one slamming a door to.

The merry-go-round is up and ready for the reunion at Frenchburg.

O. H. Nickell and Henry Sallee have about completed their new tobacco barns.

Ben Williams and Dr. Spradling had a regular knock down Saturday.

Henry Gose, our popular postmaster, will take in the big day at Lexington Tuesday and hear Bryan talk.

September 14. DAN.

#### Attempted to Escape.

Scott Jackson and Alonzo Walling, the two men who some months ago proved to be guilty of the murder of Pearl Bryan, the young woman from Greencastle, Ind., whose headless body was found near Fort Thomas, Ky., on January 31st of this year, and whose death sentence have been held up in order that the Court of Appeals may investigate their cases, made an attempt to escape from the jail in Newport, but were prevented. Their actions caused the officers to suspect that all was not right, so their cells were searched and the plans they had made to escape were discovered, and they were removed to other cells.

#### What It Stands For.

McKinley says: "No one need be in doubt about what the Republican party stands for."

To which the Tapeke Co-operator makes reply: "No, if there ever was it has been dispelled.

"It stands to-day for all that the American people do not want.

"It stands for what benefits the bond gamblers of Wall street.

"It stands for 'protection to American laborers' one day in the year, and then legislates against them the other 364 days.

"It stands for the wealth consumers and against the wealth producers.

"It stands for ten-cent corn and 30-cent wheat.

"It stands for the policy of making the poor man pay the bulk of taxes while the rich go free of taxation.

"It stands for two kinds of money—one for the bondholder and gold gambler

## Nerves

Are the Messengers of Sense,—the Telegraph System of the human body. Nerves extend from the brain to every part of the body and reach every organ. Nerves are like fire—good servants but hard masters. Nerves are fed by the blood and are therefore like it in character. Nerves will be weak and exhausted if the blood is thin, pale and impure. Nerves will surely be strong and steady if the blood is rich, red and vigorous. Nerves find a true friend in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it makes rich, red blood. Nerves do their work naturally and well,—the brain is unclouded, there are no neuralgic pains, appetite and digestion are good, when you take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

#### Hood's Pills

## WHAT!

### The Great Enquirer

ONLY 50 CTS. A YEAR?

## YES!

And any one sending two yearly subscribers at 50 cts. each, gets a

Free Copy One Year.

An 8-page paper and 9 long columns to a page, makes it the

Largest in Size!

Cheapest in Price!

Always Most Reliable for Facts, Truth and Markets.

#### THE BEST

Family Newspaper in United States for News, Intelligence, Fashions, Household, General Miscellaneous Reading Matter, Stories, etc.

#### PAY TO AGENTS

Double that of other papers. An excellent opportunity for those out of employment to make money. Try it. Samples free. Address,

ENQUIRER COMPANY,  
CINCINNATI, O.

and the other for the farmer, mechanic and old pensioner.

"It stands for high taxes and low wages.

"It stands for a policy that has filled our jails and almshouses.

"It stands for landlordism on one hand and pauperism on the other.

"It stands for scarce money and low prices of labor's products.

"It stands for money as against the man.

"It stands for the doctrine that the rights of property are superior to the rights of person.

"It stands for a financial policy which a trial of years has brought the country to the verge of ruin."

Ed L. Meagher, of Oakdale, Breathitt county, was in the city for a few hours yesterday. He said he had traveled over Breathitt and Lee counties and that he had not seen a Democrat that would not support Bryan and Sewall, and also that many Republicans in Breathitt county had joined Bryan clubs.—Mt. Sterling Free Lance.

Dr. Breck Cox, of Jackson, was visiting in Hazel Green Sunday night and Monday, mixing pleasure with business.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

## Winchester Bank,

WINCHESTER, KY.

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President.  
R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.

Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking. oct18,ly

## TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

MT. STERLING, KY.

CAPITAL \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.

J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.  
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.  
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need. W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

## I. DINGFELDER, WITH J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY : GOODS : AND : NOTIONS,

Nos. 537, 539 and 541—

—West Main Street

LOUISVILLE, KY.

**TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE OINTMENT**  
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.  
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY for PILES.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.  
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

## Right in Sight Sure Saving Shown

We'll send you our General Catalogue and Buyers Guide, if you send us 15 cents in stamps. That pays part postage or expressage, and keeps off idlers. It's a Dictionary of Honest Values; Full of important information no matter where you buy. 700 Pages, 40,000 illustrations; tells of 40,000 articles and rigors price of each. One profit only between maker and user. Get it.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,  
111-116 Michigan Ave., Chicago

**FATFOLKS REDUCED**  
per month by a harmless treatment by Dr. Snyder, a practicing physician of 20 years' experience. No bad effects or detention from business. No starving, writhing or fadiness. In a few days general health and beautiful complexion. Physicians and society ladies endorse it. Thousands cured. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. Confidentiality. For particulars address, with stamp, Dr. Snyder, 200 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY.

## Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your idea; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

A. FLOYD BYRD, Campton, Ky.  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.  
Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

A. HOWARD STAMPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW CAMPTON, KY., Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him, care will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. BYRD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CAMPTON, KY. Collections a specialty.

COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.  
J. B. HOLLON, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

W. J. SEITZ, WITH W. M. KERR & CO., JOBBERS IN Hardware & Agricultural Implements, IRONTON, O.

## PATENT MEDICINES

FOR SALE



At This Office.

## LINCOLN TEA.

If you have any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys or Stomach, if your Blood is impure, if troubled with constipation, or if your whole system is run down and needs building up, try

LINCOLN TEA.

## DR. WHITEHALL'S MEGRIMINE.

An absolutely infallible and never-failing remedy for all forms of headache—no matter what the cause—and also a ready relief for every pain flesh is heir to. 50 cents a box.

## DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

The wonderful sales of this remedy within the past few years, and the continued increase in sales week by week, together with the many testimonials tendered us as to its effectiveness stamp it as a sure shot for this dread disease. When you become disgusted with the so-called specifics get a box of WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE and find ready relief. 50 cents a box.

## Herbert's Pulmonic Cough Remedy

ARD

## Blood Root Expectorant.

This is the best cough remedy on the market, and an invaluable medicine for colds, asthma, etc. 50 cents a bottle.

## The Wonderful Japanese Oil.

A wonderful remedy for the cure of all external diseases of man and beast. 50 cents a bottle.

## Dr. Swan's Celebrated Liver & Kidney Cure.

An indispensable household remedy for all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver, stomach and bowels, kidney difficulties and blood derangements. 50 cents a bottle.

## Dr. Swan's Cascara Pills.

A specific for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, and other kindred ailments. 35 pills 25 cents.

## National Specific For Malaria.

A substitute for Quinine. Cures all forms of malaria, intermittent fever, neuralgia, etc., etc. 25 pills 25 cents.